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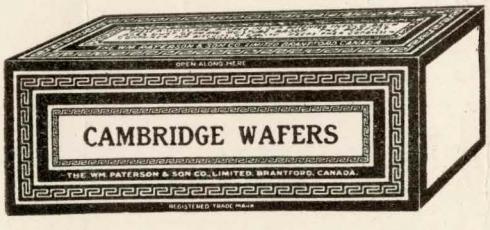

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CANADIAN MANHOOD

Published by the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada
120 Bay Street Toronto

G. HERBERT WOOD, Chairman. CHAS. W. BISHOP, General Secretary. J. L. LOVE, Editor.

WESTERN DIVISION
708 Board of Trade Building,
VANCOUVER

CENTRAL WEST DIVISION
1106 McArthur Building,
WINNIPEG
38 Canada Life Building, REGINA

MARITIME DIVISION
Y. M. C. A.,
HALIFAX

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—ONE DOLLAR

VOL. I. ENLARGED NEW SERIES TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1919 NO. 1

EDITORIAL

CANADIAN MANHOOD

WHEN the title of our magazine was adopted several years ago the words meant less than they do to-day. Novelists and story writers had found inspiration for their pens in the exploits of the Canadian pioneer and lumberjack, and had made their heroes live in the imaginations of their readers. In poetry also the sagas of the camp and trail were sung, and the deeds and daring of the men who penetrated into the wild to lay the foundations of the Dominion came to be regarded as almost fairy tales. It seemed hardly credible that such feats of endurance and achievement could be compassed by men. But the sons of these men have been in Europe, and although they lived in an unaccustomer environment, and worked at a task for which they were not trained, they have shown the world that so far as the records of the song and story writers are concerned, "the half hath not been told."

"Canadian Manhood" to-day are words that create justifiable pride at home, and profound respect and admiration abroad. They suggest something to the world at large of what is really great and worth-while in human achievement. Not only have the men of our Dominion proved themselves to be great fighters, but also great administrators, executives, and men of affairs.

Incidentally the words form the title of the official magazine of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada. The Y.M.C.A. stands for the promotion of the best in Canadian citizenship. We believe that as there was something in the moral and physical qualities of Canada's armies overseas that led to their being honored so often with the position of spearhead in the allied attacks against the enemy, so there is a stamina in the race that qualifies it to take a foremost place in the ranks of those nations upon whom the burden of reconstructing a broken world must rest.

Towards helping in the further development of that stamina every Y.M.C.A. in the land will lend its unwearying support. That will be the Y.M.C.A. program, to build mental, moral and physical brawn. It stands for a clean-cut, enlightened, progressive, Christian Canadian manhood. The work of the National Council has developed to such an enormous extent, as a direct result of its war work, that the story can no longer be told in an occasional periodical, and calls for more ample setting forth in a monthly magazine. The enthralling interest of work in the trenches will no longer hold the reader, but in an even larger sphere of growing importance a no less fascinating tale is unfolding day by day. That tale in so far as it comes within the scope of Y.M.C.A. activities will be told month by month in "Canadian Manhood."

THE NEXT CAMPAIGN

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the next Red Triangle Fund Campaign which the Y.M.C.A. in connection with the Y.W.C.A. is to hold throughout Canada on May 5-9.

The objective of the campaign will be $1,100,000, which is the amount of new funds required by the National Councils of the two organizations for their extensive work this year. This is a much smaller sum than was asked from the people in last year's campaign, being less than one-half of the amount requested and less than one-third of the amount subscribed. The smaller sum is made possible because of the balance in the hands of the organizations from the campaign of 1918, and the amount expected from the liquidation of overseas assets. This sum will provide for a substantial part of the extensive work included in the program of the organization for this year. All through its large war activities the Y.M.C.A. has announced that all balances of funds subscribed for soldiers' work or acquired in its canteens would be used for the benefit of the soldiers. This policy is now being put into effect, and all available resources as shown in the

financial statement for 1918 which is being prepared for publication, have been taken into account before determining the amount of further funds to be asked from the public.

The objective of the campaign to be held does not by any means represent the extent of the work to be done this year by the Y.M.C.A. The estimates that have been compiled show a total budget of more than double the sum asked for, and will represent a service even larger than that carried on in 1918. The work overseas is still at its maximum and will not be concluded until the last of our soldiers have left for home. This overseas service, however, will be provided for by the funds now on hand over there, together with anticipated profits from the canteen for the remaining months. The chief object of appeal to the public this year will be the work for returning soldiers. The "Y" will have an unbroken chain of service from leaving England to the Military Dispersal Centres in Canada. This will include games and entertainments as well as free drinks, smokes, and other comforts on the homeward journey. Nor does it stop there, for the "Y" is a Home and Peace-time Institution with a large reconstruction program for the men and boys of the country.

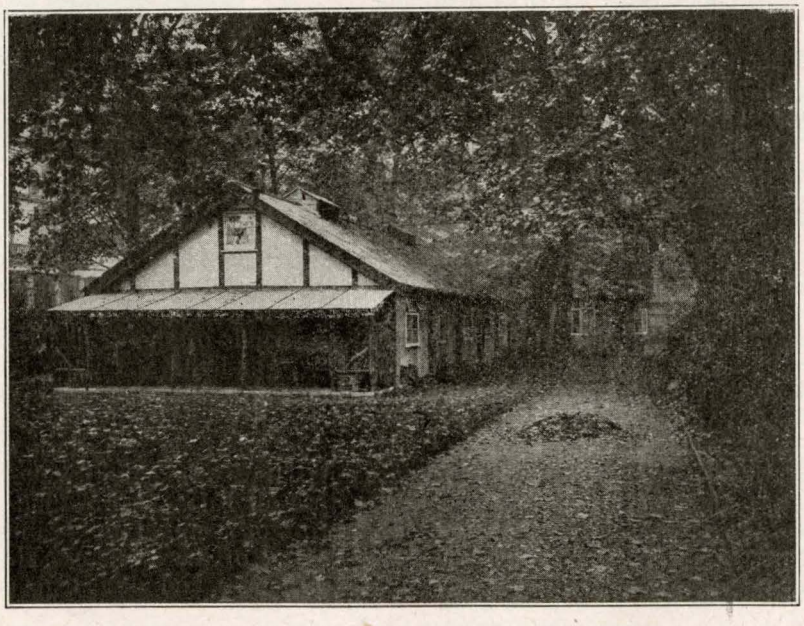
Emphasis is now being placed on civilian life, and the Red Triangle will be carried into the industrial and rural, as well as the urban constituencies, and will concentrate more than ever on boy-life in every community. These lines of extension at home will constitute a very important ground of appeal to the public.

The objective of the appeal will include $175,000 for the Young Women's Christian Association, which is more than double the amount included for that organization last year. The work of the Y.W.C.A. has greatly expanded during the year. It has been asked by the Government to do for the soldiers' dependents coming from overseas what the Y.M.C.A. is doing for the men. This service for women has already been inaugurated on transports and at the main centres of arrival in Canada.

PEACE MORALE

THE first phase of the Great War, that is, the fighting, is over. The second phase, peace negotiations, is now in progress, and already we have entered upon the third phase, reconstruction. The issues are the same in all three, but there is a new alignment of forces. Yesterday it was the Central Powers vs. the World. To-day it is a struggle within each nation itself for the largest liberty, the highest development, the fullest self-expression and the application of the principles of righteousness and equity to all nations, personal, community and national. The to-morrow of this struggle will depend upon our attitude and action to-day. The situation constitutes an urgent call for a re-dedication of all the resources of our land, personal and national, spiritual and material, to the overthrow of conditions, agencies and influences which make for weakness, unrest and disintegration and to the establishment on a stable basis of a social order founded on righteousness and truth.

The danger is that "war weariness" will produce apathy and that we will fail to recognize the character, magnitude and imminence of the dangers, real and great dangers, which threaten. We must face calmly the problems, serious and clamant problems, which confront us and without delay or hesitation, with determination and with unity of purpose and of action address ourselves to their solution. The time to rest is not yet and will not be till "democracy is safe for the world." Nothing short of spiritual regeneration will effect this. Each must do his part. Our King and Country needed us four and a half years ago; our King and Country need us none the less NOW.



CANADIAN WING OF OFFICERS' Y.M.C.A. HUT,
Eaton Square, London.

EVERY transport carrying returning men from Britain has a Y.M. Secretary on board, whose duty it is to entertain and serve the soldiers in every possible way. The following extracts from a number of these Secretaries' reports indicate the variety, extent and value of this service:—

"Distributed more magazines in morning. Visiting some of the ill in the hospital, and also the mother of the babe who had died during the night. Made arrangements for the burial to take place next morning, asking a returned padre to assist. . . ."

"Officiated at burial of baby, assisted by padre, at nine o'clock. Made the rounds of the hospitals and visited some men in their cabins."

"Sunday. The usual church service conducted in the smoking-room. I was assisted by two returning padres. The evening was given to a song service for the men and third-class passengers."

"We sighted land early in the morning, and preparations immediately began for disembarkation. There were many women travelling to the new land for the first time, some with from two to four children. Spent most of the day assisting in every way possible, giving information and securing transportation. When we reached the dock assisted in locating baggage, getting same passed and checked and caring for children. . ."

* * *

"Sunday morning service in the saloon, at which I preached, being assisted by a young Flying cadet. In the evening a Sunday school service was conducted for the children on board. Sing-song in the evening. . . ."

"Placed a set of quoits and two sets of deck shuffle at disposal of staff. A gramaphone was placed in each saloon. A lylophone with a dozen records was placed in the hands of the ship's captain for use of the crew. . . ."

"Prayer meeting and Bible study in 'Revelations.' Deck games, gramaphones, social sings. . . ."

"Arranged with Padre Lawrence for three Sunday services. Magazines issued. Musicians located. Talks with men. 6-7 p.m., sing-song, with flutes, harmonicas and gazooks. 7.30, boxing on "B" deck. 8-9, sing-song. Gramaphones in use ten hours each. . . ."

"Hospital visits. Organ on troop deck. Group talks on deck and men's quarters continued. General theme, 'Canada and Citizenship.' 6-7, Sing-song. Talk on Co-operation. 8-9, biggest sing yet held. Questionable games broken up by this means. . . ."

"The cordial co-operation of a returning chaplain, Capt. Lawrence, was a very pleasant feature of this trip. . . ."

"It has been most gratifying to hear the cordial testimonies to our service in France from returning officers and men."

* * *

"On the boat were some three thousand soldiers, N.C.O.'s and men, most of them casualties from France."

"The first day of the voyage being Sunday, services were held for all on board. In the morning formal services were conducted at ten for the troops in the sergeants' mess, and at eleven for officers and passengers in the first-class drawing-room. At these services the Protestant padre and the Y.M.C.A. officer alternated in conducting the worship or in giving the address. At night an informal song service was held in the second saloon, at which Mr. Baldwin, a Chicago newspaper man returning from France, addressed the men. Following this a picture and song service was held in the third saloon. . . ."

"Nothing was easier than to collect a crowd to sing the old songs. Impromptu concerts were held at all kinds of times and places. The folding organ was used when no piano was available. Later in the voyage the chief steward loaned the first saloon piano to the men's mess, and this was in use at all hours of the day and night. After the initial scouting for soloists it was never difficult to secure concert numbers from the crowd, men volunteering to help or being suggested by their friends."

"Weather conditions interfered with the presentation of a full programme of deck games. Quoits, shuffleboard and skipping were in evidence each day. Boxing bouts were staged fore and aft, and a boxing tournament announced for the first afternoon, and with a ring roped off by the staff captain of the ship, some very interesting exhibitions and contests were witnessed."

* * *

"The various activities of the "Y" provided countless points of contact with the men. The men were surprisingly approachable and unreservedly responsive. A fact containing much encouragement for the future is that experience in France, instead of brutalizing and coarsening, has evidently simplified and sweetened the lives of the men. All expressed a hatred of war and an eagerness to busy themselves with other activities and so forget its horrors."

"Boarded ship and located baggage in staff orderly-room. Found my cabinmates to be two padres, one a Presbyterian and one a Roman Catholic. Secured old orderly-room for "Y" premises. Installed writing material and games and placed three privates in charge who had volunteered."

"Was seasick, good and plenty. Distributed games and puzzles. Had a good religious service or combination Bible study. Personal interviews followed. . ."

"Still seasick. Programme planned. Visited hospital with games, etc. Quoits and shuffleboard on three decks. Good sing-song below decks with negro troops."

"The gamblers flourish, and that leads to stealing when a man gets broke. It is, I think, par excellence a place where ministers who will adopt "Y" methods can do incalculable good. . . ."

"On Dec. 24th, with a lady from Edmonton and the adjutant, a tour of the boat was made to locate all children, and later, to provide for them a real Santa Claus Christmas Eve. It was past midnight before the distributions were made, and a right happy band of youngsters greeted us next morning."

* * *

The following report of Lieut. Harold M. Cribb, the "Y" officer who accompanied the troops on the "Northland," is of special interest:

"On the first evening after leaving the dock visits were made to the four sections of the boat where the men were billeted. The men were encouraged to appoint representatives—two from each section—and this was the committee through which much of the Y.M.C.A. activity was carried on.

"Through the courtesy of the ship's steward a room was placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. officer, where all supplies were stored and distributed. The committee above mentioned asked for writing material, literature, games, etc., and through them the equipment was distributed as fairly as possible.

"On every evening of the voyage (except the first organization night) a lively concert and sing-song was held in the

second-class saloon. This room would not hold more than 250 men, so that every evening the place was full and many turned away. Attempts were made to hold concerts in the fore and aft quarters of the ship, but owing to cramped conditions it was found impracticable.

"One evening was reserved for the French-Canadians. French songs and language only were used.

"A magic lantern proved a great attraction. On Wednesday evening the chaplain led religious meeting. Colored slides from the life of Christ were used, and after the service the men sang hymns for an hour or so with great enthusiasm.

"On Saturday evening 50 views of scenes across Canada were shown.

"Singing cheerio songs seemed to be the popular form of entertainment. The men never tired of it.

"Saturday afternoon 200 men gathered, and between singing and recitations hours passed happily. After the Sunday service the men sang until "lights out."

"Gramophones were placed in both fore and aft of the ship. These were in the charge of the committee-men, who were responsible for the changing of records.

"Most of our effort was confined to the N.C.O.'s and men, but on occasion the first-class passengers used the cheerio songs and the lantern.

"The boat entered Halifax harbor Christmas morning, but the men feared a long quarantine on the boat. The feeling ran high, for they dreaded the confinement in cramped quarters; they also missed a Christmas dinner and the season's celebrations, and complaints which had been adjusted by the O.C. early in the voyage were remembered and aggravated.

"The situation was relieved, if not controlled, by the following gifts from the citizens of Halifax and the Y.M.C.A. These gifts were delivered to the "Y" officer for distribution: 7 barrels of apples; 1,000 chocolate bars; 1,000 reading material; 1,000 packages cigarettes; 1,000 boxes of matches; 1,000 newspapers.

"One of each of the above and two apples were placed in the hands of every man by the "Y" officer and chaplain. This was only possible by appealing to the men for a 'fair deal to all,' and they agreed to remain in the section until the others were served.

"The O.C. accompanied the "Y" officer on this service, and after the distribution spoke to the men, promising a Christmas dinner on the train the following day.

"As we left the section the men changed from an antagonistic mood to singing and chatting.

"This service was the most spectacular done on board, but it was also of very real value to the men and Government.

"It should be mentioned that these men could not be interested in sport. Several attempts were made to put on boxing and wrestling, but it was much too strenuous for most of the men.

"During the voyage very happy relationships were established between the chaplain and the Y.M.C.A. officer, the former co-operating in every way possible. The chaplain conducted four services among the men and willingly assisted in the social work.

"To whatever it may be attributed, there is no doubt but that the morale of the troops was much improved. Signs of discontent, such as profanity and grumbling, were not so noticeable, and there was an ever heartier response to our efforts."

GIVING SOLDIERS WHAT THEY WANT AT MONTREAL.

Every Sunday between 300 and 400 soldiers are the guests of one of the Montreal churches at supper in the Red Triangle Hut, and then at service at the church afterwards.

Archibald Walker, a returned soldier, in a letter to Rev. James Smyth, of Douglas Methodist Church, refers to the work being done by the Montreal churches through the Red Triangle Club for returned men.

"I speak with some knowledge," says Mr. Walker, "having been forty-two months in our army, when I say that those gatherings were undoubtedly the most friendly, get-together, come-here-we-want-to-know-you-better, and the nearest thing to actual home life ever offered to any of the boys, either here or overseas. I have used the Red Triangle Hut for rest, recreation and amusement, etc., since the opening ceremony, and I can say with confidence that never has there been shown so much anxiety to do something for the boys—something right, something for their lasting benefit.

MUST GO ONE BETTER.

"In my opinion soldiers do not want re-establishment; they should not go back to where they were when the war began; but they should, and will, and must, go one higher and one better. We all come back from overseas greater or lesser Samsons, and as possible church members and useful citizens are very rough material. You have chosen to smooth the rough material by mixing it with the smooth, and, I think, with unprecedented success. Our success was assured if only by one thing, a phenomenon in itself, the singing of verses of two different hymns by the boys alone and unaccompanied.

"You came to our Hut, fed us, rushed us away like a whirlwind, thumped us down in your church pews, and literally slammed the doctrine of good-fellowship down our throats. You took the wind out of our sails; we are used to hanging around the Hut, cursing everyone from the Government down to the Pension Commissioner. If we had been asked individually to come to church we should have said yes, and arranged to meet the questioner at a certain time and place, and, of course, we shouldn't have been there but somehow you put it over us. You gave us dope we didn't want, and we like it and want more."

AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

Capt. W. H. Peirce, St. John, N.B., reports a good piece of service rendered to one hundred Navy men who returned from England en route for their home in Newfoundland on a recent date. No person being allowed to board the transport the first day, Capt. Peirce found it necessary to hoist his supplies from the gangway, and in this way daily papers, apples, cigarettes, postcards, etc., were placed on board.

"Friday morning we were early on board," continues the report, "and from the Naval authorities obtained permission to have all these men brought to our canteen and social room in the Immigration Building, where a group of eight ladies were ready to receive them. Each man was served free of charge with cakes, tea, coffee and apples. Immediately after the refreshments had been served, the men were entertained with an impromptu programme, piano and gramaphone selections. Ample accommodation was also provided for the men to write postcards and letters. These were collected and mailed for the boys free of cost, the understanding we have with the postal authorities permitting mail written at such time to go postage free. These naval boys were loud in their words of appreciation, and when their officer lined them up in the Immigration Building, immediately in front of our canteen, they gave three hearty cheers for the ladies and the service rendered by the Y.M.C.A."

AT HALIFAX, N.S.

The variety and efficiency of the work being done for returned men at Halifax by Capt. J. A. Kneale, Y.M.C.A. Port Officer, was illustrated recently when the French liner "Rochambeau," carrying repatriated American soldiers, put into that port because of storm and shortage of coal. Mr. A. C. Harte, of the American Y.M.C.A., and Dr. Mott's representative in charge of all the Prisoners' of War Work in Europe, was on board, and he wirelessed Capt. Kneale for supplies.

Chartering a tug, Capt. Kneale took the "Rochambeau" by storm with a set of boxing gloves. He was promptly relieved of that armament, and his cargo of seven barrels of apples, ten crates of oranges, twelve mouth organs, 200 daily papers and 600 magazines was confiscated.

AT VLADIVOSTOCK

How the "Y" took the "sigh" out of Siberia

By John Meldrum

IN the loneliness, the bitter cold, the sunless monotony of Siberia, Canadian soldiers have wintered on the shores of the frozen sea. The rigors of winter ordinarily hold no terrors for the hardy Canadian. Frost and snow have put the red corpuscles in his blood and the steel in his bones and sinews. But there are winters and winters. Take a Canadian winter, for example. Eliminate its fun and fellowship; close every hospitable door; substitute a foreign language for English, and blot out the sun for several months. That will help you to visualize the experience of our Canadian boys in far Siberia, in the dark and in a temperature that never rises above zero throughout the winter months.

That is the black side of the picture. There is, of course, a bright side. Our boys are too adaptable not to make the best of any conceivable situation, and letters from Siberia have revealed the same cheery optimism and happy philosophy that characterized the fighters in France. Then the Y.M.C.A. helped, too. The Red Triangle took the "sigh" out of Siberia!

Capt. E. N. Smith reported landing in Vladivostock on December 5th, after an exceptionally pleasant voyage, during which a constant programme of concerts, lectures and deck sports for the men was maintained.

At a conference on board between the Red Cross, Chaplains' Service and Y.M.C.A. officials it was mutually agreed to help each other on every occasion and to keep constantly in touch for exchange of supplies. Capt. Smith and Capt. J. Graves, business manager of the "Y," were met on landing by Capt. Patterson, who had preceded them as Y.M.C.A. officer on an earlier boat.

From the outset entertainment of all kinds were promoted, and four Y.M.C.A. theatres were used for this purpose. Lectures, debates and regimental concert parties were strongly featured, and circulating libraries, religious literature and current magazines were provided. An enormous quantity of athletic equipment was issued on a free loan basis as required.

CAPT. E. N. SMITH,
Siberia.

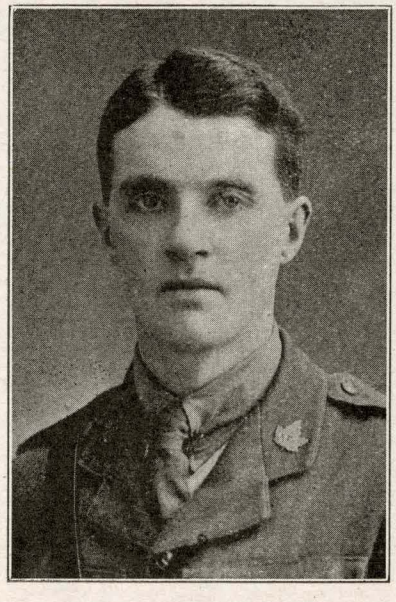
It was discovered that centralized work was impossible owing to the troops being located at different barracks, and the equipment was accordingly distributed to the various units, each being supplied with a full line of magazines, games, sporting equipment, writing material, etc. By courtesy of the British Patriotic League, the Suffolk Rooms, situated in the centre of Vladivostock, were opened to all our men when off duty and visiting the city. In co-operation with the women of the League, patients in the hospitals were provided with cigarettes, chocolate, fresh fruit and flowers.

Vladivostock is an old garrison town. At one time there were as many as 60,000 troops stationed there, and it was considered so strong that during the Jap-Russo War the Japs would not attempt to place a force against it. The city now has a population of 150,000, but business is naturally in a somewhat chaotic state. Capt. Smith relates an amusing account of a shopping expedition in Vladivostock undertaken in company with Capt. Graves and Mr. Forsyth, the Australian Trade Commissioner. They went out to purchase a meter.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Forsyth to the storekeeper, "let me introduce Capt. Graves and Capt. Smith. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. are opening a warehouse, and want a meter."

"Very sorry, Mr. Forsyth," was the reply. "I have not a meter anywhere."

Conversation on politics and other



CAPT. J. W. GRAVES,
Siberia.

CAPT. W. J. HOLLIDAY,
N. Russia.

CAPT. NORMAN RAWSON,
N. Russia.

matters took the place of business for some time.

"So you have not a meter anywhere?" remarked Mr. Forsyth.

"Well, now, let me see. Yes—I have a meter that might be repaired."

The meter was brought out for inspection, and after fifteen minutes' manipulation it was pronounced hopeless.

Friendly chat about family and children was indulged in before the subject of meters was again broached. After due consideration, the storekeeper remembered he had a meter which he would sell on condition that if he wanted it back at any time he might recall it. And so the bargain was concluded.

Capt. W. J. Holliday's work with the Northern Russian forces is equally interesting. Owing to the difficulties anticipated in sending supplies, each man in these forces was equipped with a wallet containing Y.M.C.A. stationery and a book containing a label asking the men to preserve their copies and pass them on. The usual outfit of "canned music," athletic material and games was also provided.

One of Capt. Holliday's first moves was to hold an election for the appointment of a Red Triangle Committee. Five members were elected and placed in charge of the religious, social, physical, educational, literary and canteen work. The committee at once organized a weekly programme. Capt. Holliday hints at considerable excitement in his work, and states he is never surprised if the best-laid programmes are entirely upset by constantly changing events. The work is carried on in perfect harmony and co-operation with the American and British Y.M.C.A.'s, and Capt. Holliday has made numerous trips to the front line in the company and at the request of the O.C., who said:

"If our Canadian boys do not see their own "Y" officer they will be greatly surprised and disappointed."

Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD One Dollar the Year

BOOKS TO READ

TWO "Y" CLASSICS.

From the press of George H. Doran Co., New York, comes *A Red Triangle Girl in France* ($1.00 net). This is one of the raciest and most human pieces of Y.M.C.A. literature the war has produced. The writer was an American Y.M.C.A. "Hut Sister" in France, and her letters home contained the most delightful glimpses of her "doughboys" as she came to know them in her work in the hut. Written without premeditation or the remotest dream of publication, these letters tell the story of the daily life in a crowded canteen. To quote the prefatory notice—"the infinite variety of the life, its humor, its pathos, its confidences, its noble, its generous, its picturesque characters, its delights and its privileges, its devotions and its gratitudes, its tragedies, and its sorrows, the countless services and the priceless spirit of the Y.M.C.A. workers, all this and much more is disclosed in these vivid letters with an art that is wholly unconscious and to which the thought of publication would have been fatal."

These words do no more than justice to the anonymous writer of these very human documents, and readers who secure a copy of the book will be grateful for this introduction to its womanly wit and wisdom.

The same firm issue Sir Arthur K. Yapp's *The Romance of the Red Triangle*. All who heard or read Sir Arthur's speeches during his recent visit to Canada will be glad of this opportunity to secure in permanent form the gist of his subject matter. The book deals with the work of the British Y.M.C.A. during the war, and presents a fascinating series of pictures of the "far-flung line" of Red Triangle Service.

SERVING THE LOGGERS

Music with Meals

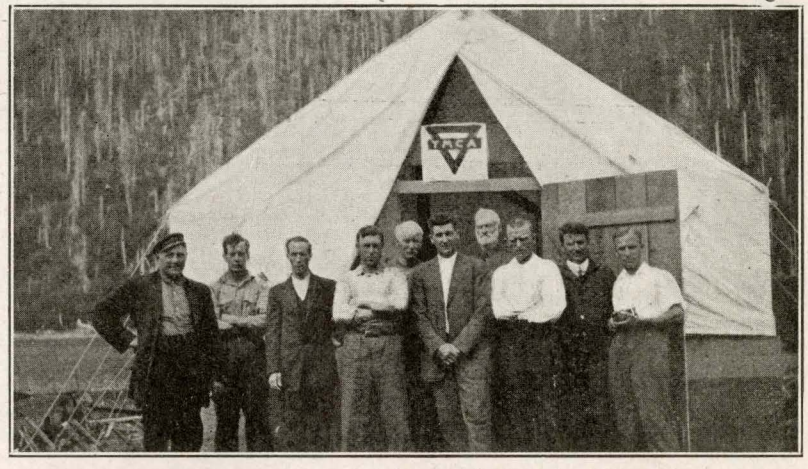
The Industrial Department Making Good

IN a breezy letter, written from a beautifully vague address, "Lake of the Woods District," W. E. Nodwell, recently appointed Y.M.C.A. Lumber Camp Secretary, gives an account of his first introduction to the loggers of that region. Mr. Nodwell arrived at one camp and found a party of lumberjacks celebrating their Christmas. "In the evening we had a wild time," he reports; "music first, and then all kinds of stunts—a great success—and more music to finish with. At the close I heard a couple talking about the foreman. One said that he had never heard him laugh so hard, and the other remarked he didn't know he could laugh."

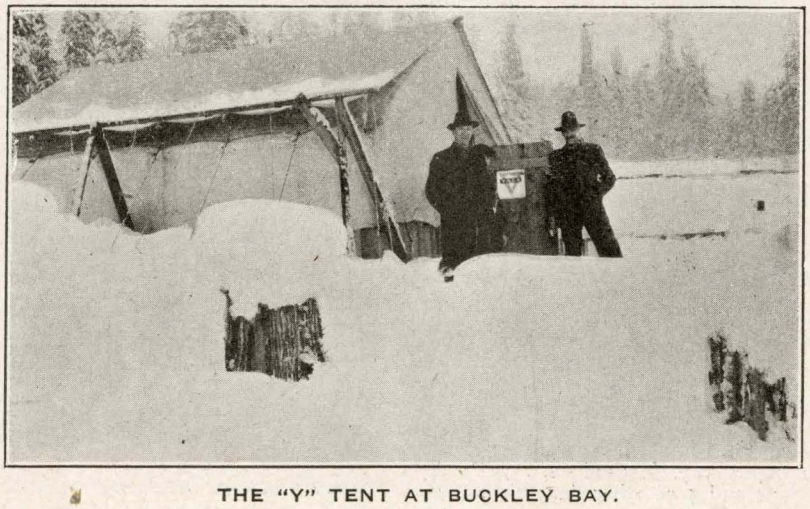
"I might say the bunk was fine last night," concludes Mr. Nodwell. "There was a stack of good trusty axes at my head, but I have no notion of committing suicide while this job lasts."

Writing a week later, the same Secretary reports a four-days' visit to a camp thirteen miles in from Hawk Lake. "I crammed the evening full of games and music," writes Mr. Nodwell. "I visited one bunk-house at a time, of which there were two, holding forty men. I arranged for a games competition between the two bunk-houses, and both gave a splendid response. On Saturday morning I took music to their dinner campfire in the woods. That evening we had a royal good time, with lots of excitement, and after two and a half hours' steady they wanted more. As I was returning to the office, following the foreman, who was carrying the records, I heard him tell the clerk that he hadn't laughed so much for fifteen years. I tell you, the real old-time lumberjack certainly appreciates the fun. The music is certainly a God-send to all, and when, in deference to a lumberjack's dinner, you stop the record in the middle and it draws forth the remark, 'H——, keep the music going!' you know there isn't much chance of tiring them with the machine. They want music in foremen's offices morning, noon and night. It was amusing at the campfire to see fellows dancing along and picking out a cake to the time of the music, and when they left for the woods and their work one could hear them shouting parts of records for some time."

Work in the Moreby Island group of aeroplane spruce camps in Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C., ended last December, and the report of Mr. D. E. Hatt, Y.M.C.A. Lumber Camp Secretary for that territory, gives an interesting glimpse of life with the loggers in the Far West. It was impossible for one man to serve the numerous camps stretched over a length of one hundred miles, but a considerable programme was carried on for the four camps at Thurston Harbor, and the outlying camps were kept supplied with writing material, literature and games. For the men of the nearby camps, there were outdoor games, entertainments, social evenings, moving pictures and Sunday services. The men were given an abundance of wholesome reading matter, and their desire for correspondence was stimulated, and resulted in keeping them in touch with home influences. Many otherwise tedious hours were whiled away, and the challenge of the Gospel in the form of a practical programme of Christian service, such as most of the men had never known before, was presented. A prominent official of the Imperial Munitions Board who had been in close contact with the Y.M.C.A. work, remarked: "I was at first sceptical as to your being able to do much among the men of these camps, but I am now fully convinced that you are putting over a very valuable piece of service."



THE "Y" TENT AT THURSTON, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C.



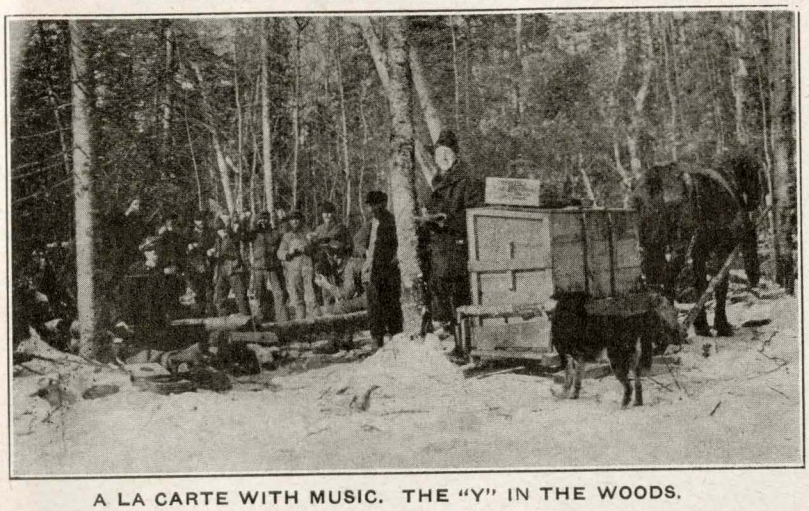
THE "Y" TENT AT BUCKLEY BAY.

Mr. Hatt pays a glowing tribute to his lumberjacks. "From months of close contact, shut in with these men," he says, "I am impressed with the fact that they are far other than they appear to be when judged by the usual standards. Their manner of life and their isolation from home and church influence, coupled with an utter absence of pretence and cant and hatred of shams, makes them appear to disadvantage at times in the matters of etiquette and conversation; but beneath a rough exterior is frequently found a splendid specimen of virile manhood, and just those qualities of Christian gentlemanliness that seemed to be most lacking."

An important item that is barely mentioned in Mr. Hatt's report was his service during the influenza epidemic that swept the logging camps, but a letter received by the National Council of the

Y.M.C.A. from Mr. R. R. Christie, of Thurston Harbor, expresses the appreciation of the lumberjacks on this point. Writing for the loggers, Mr. Christie says:

"Mr. Hatt's influence here this summer has done a great deal towards the moral uplifting of the loggers, not only by words, but by the many kindnesses shown, especially while the Spanish influenza was raging. Mr. Hatt volunteered his services to nurse the sick back to life when nurses were unobtainable, and I really believe there would have been more casualties had it not been for his presence here."



A LA CARTE WITH MUSIC. THE "Y" IN THE WOODS.

BRINGING UP SUPPLIES

Only a day before the big Canadian "show" of August 27th before Arras, when the lads of the Maple Leaf were still in the full flush of their overwhelming victory down at Amiens, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. heard of the coming battle. In the rapid and long moves of the past two weeks there was, of course, a very small supply on hand of the luxuries provided free by the "Y" to the fighting units and the wounded. And the worst of it was that there seemed to be no way of getting the biscuits and chocolate and coffee and tea to the battle area in time.

Back at Aubin St. Vaast was the Canadian reserve, and an hour's run away the much needed supplies lying on the docks. The Y.M.C.A. officer approached the O.C. of the camp with the request for lorries to run the stuff up. But the lorries had been working without rest for twenty-four hours making other preparations for the fight.

"Under the conditions I won't order them out," he said. "I couldn't do it. But if you can get them to hold on long enough to undertake the trip I'll not stop them."

So the "Y" officer went to the four men of the two lorries. "There's a scrap on to-morrow," he said. "Up there before Arras there's nothing for the wounded. Back here at Boulogne we've got the stuff. You've all been in the fighting, and you know what those biscuits and chocolate and hot coffee mean to them. Can you get the stuff up?"

The driver of one lorry hesitated. He was not in good health. "I've been at it for twenty-four hours without a break," he explained, "and I don't believe I'm good for much more. But if the old lorry'll stand for it, I'll make a try."

Every one of the four agreed. Though they were partly undressed for bed and dead tired, they redressed. At 10 p.m. the two lorries rolled out of the camp. At midnight exactly they returned loaded from Boulogne and passed through to the south-west without even stopping. And at 4 p.m. the "Y" staff before Arras were unloading the lorries to the tune of one of the heaviest barrages of the war. And after forty-eight hours of steady toiling those four motor transport men dropped on their bunks without undressing.

BOYS' WORK CONFERENCE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The fifth annual Nova Scotia Boys' Work Conference at New Glasgow on February 21-23 was the "best yet." The officers of the Conference, who were all older boys, were as follows:

President—Leonard Fraser, New Glasgow.

Vice-President—Max McOdrum, Halifax.

Secretary—Jack McDonald, Sydney Mines.

Addresses were delivered on "Worship," by Rev. A. J. Archibald; "Bible Study for Tuxis Boys," by Rev. B. J. Porter, and "Meaning of Sex in the Making of Manhood," by P. F. Moriarty. Vocational lectures on "Business" and "Ministry and Y.M.C.A. Secretaryship" were also given.

The Forward Step Meeting was addressed by L. A. Buckley, Territorial Boys' Work Secretary for the Maritime Division. Forward Steps numbered 127. Nearly half of the boys attending the conference asked for interviews; 84 on life work, 36 on education, 23 on health, 9 on personal problems, 7 on home relationships, and 6 on decisions to enter the Christian ministry. The attendance totalled 381, of which 20 were Anglicans, 49 Baptists, 50 Methodists, 257 Presbyterians and 5 of other denominations.

FATHER, SON & COMPANY

While February 10-16 were the dates set aside as National Father and Son Week, its observance continued all through February and the greater part of March.

This week, which had for its purpose the emphasizing and stimulating of closer and more sympathetic relationships between fathers and sons and bringing to them the realization of a common interest and a common responsibility for service to their God and country in the days just ahead, was a splendid success. It was the second National Father and Son Week, and received a much wider observance, and consequently the interest and enthusiasm have been much greater.

Everyone who had any part in this event is assured of its unquestioned value, both to fathers and sons.

THE RED TRIANGLE IN CHINESE.

The work of Major J. H. Wallace and other Y.M.C.A. officers amongst the Chinese coolies in France has familiarized Canadians with that important branch of the Red Triangle service. There are 200,000 Chinese in France engaged in reconstruction work, and, in addition to the ministry of the "Y," they now have their own weekly newspaper bearing the well-known Red Triangle sign. The paper is published in Paris, and 10,000 copies are sold every week at 2c each. Its columns contain the proceedings at the Peace Conference and the latest home news from China, as well as information of the Chinese in France. Editorials in the first number, of which the title is reproduced herewith, include the "Threefold Message of the Y.M.C.A.," "Social Work of the Y.M.C.A.," and a "History of the Y.M.C.A." Mr. Y. G. James Yen is the editor. He is a graduate of Yale University, and a very fine type of Christian character, and his aim is to make his paper not only an avenue of news, but a strong force for righteousness and Christianity among his fellow-countrymen.

TITLE PAGE OF WEEKLY "Y" PAPER.

TAYLOR STATTEN OVERSEAS

Views and Interviews

MR. TAYLOR STATTEN, National Boys' Work Secretary, is having a successful experience overseas in presenting the needs and opportunities in Boys' Work in Canada. Mr. Statten's tour is in connection with the citizenship campaign now in progress wherever Canadian soldiers are stationed overseas. Before leaving England for France and Germany a few days ago, Mr. Statten made the following unofficial report:—

"I approached this opportunity with fear and trembling. I had no idea that the men would be greatly interested in my message. During the past month I have talked each night in the huts and theatres, and with very few exceptions they have been crowded, with many standing. The interest that they have shown has been much greater than I could have expected from the group of men at home who had come together in the interest of our specified work. It seems to me that all the men are interested in Boys' Work back home. At the close of my talk I invite those who want to get into a training class to remain and come to the front. In spite of the lateness of the hour, usually about fifty men come forward and we open up discussions, and it is in these discussions that I have been able to get together an impression of the men toward the work at home. At the close of this group discussion, I arrange training classes, sixteen of which have been working, meeting two nights a week. I have just had a note from Lieut. George Carson this morning, saying that eighty-five men attended his Discussion Class last Thursday evening.

"We are also conducting three Normal Training Classes. Before the men dismiss, I ask any who would like to have a personal interview the following day to hand in their names, stating the hour that they will meet me, and my days have been crowded with these interviews.

"In the discussions, many men have asked this question: 'What about this criticism? Has the public in Canada paid any attention to it?' I wish you could hear the statements made by the men regarding this. I have jotted down some of them right away after the meeting, that I might use them. For instance, one man said:

"'I never was strong for the Y.M.C.A. until I got to France, but the last time I came out of the line I made up my mind that I would give all the time that I could spare when I got back home to boosting the Y.M.C.A.'

"Statements of this sort receive hearty applause in big groups that I have met.

"'Many a night as I sit here in the "Y",' said one man, the son of a Saskatchewan farmer, to Mr. Statten, 'I wonder whether we couldn't start something like this at home. I have wondered if the Y.M.C.A. could not furnish us with something like cinema shows, lectures and concert parties, and give us a canteen where the women-folks get us something to eat and drink. I believe it should be for both men and women, and certainly something should be done for the boys and girls. You can count on me to do anything I can to help the Y.M.C.A. when I get back.'

"A sergeant from Calgary who has been overseas from the beginning, and who has won the Military Medal, said:

"'I have two boys of my own, and I want to be a good father to them, so I am leaving the railroad when I go back and am going to take up the land, where I can have my boys with me. I have often wondered if the "Y" could not do something for the farm districts of Alberta, in the same way that it has helped the men in France. If I were younger, I would like to give all my time to this work, but I will help the Y.M.C.A. in my spare time. I may be selfish in this, because I am thinking of how it can help my boys as they grow up.'

"An Ontario school teacher who organized an Amusement Club in his rural community, with about a hundred members, expressed himself as desirous of seeing the Y.M.C.A. 'turn all its overseas equipment and officers into the country districts in Canada.' 'The Y.M.C.A.,' he declared, 'could have helped our organization tremendously, and made it permanent.'

"'I have a little brother back home,' said a soldier from Innisfree, Alberta, 'and I know how he looks up to me. I believe I could help all the boys in our "Neck of the Woods" when I get back. The "Y" has got the right idea. I like the men who run it. If we could have a man drop around once in a while and visit us, and tell us what we should do, I believe we could give all the boys in our neighborhood a good time.'

"A man got up in one of the Discussion Groups and said:

"'If the Y.M.C.A. men back home are planning to do as much for the men and their families when they return as they have done over here, I believe that the public of Canada will pay the bill if the Y.M.C.A. will try this same type of work that it has carried on in France and England.'

"'Personally,' continues Mr. Statten, 'I have been staggered with the expressions of appreciation that have come to me of the work of the Association. Men who knew nothing of it before the war believe that it is the greatest social and moral force that could come into the life of a community. Before I left Canada I felt that there were two great obstacles that must be faced before our true work could be realized. First, leadership, employed and volunteered; second, money. Now, I believe that the leadership problem is not so great; we can get the best men in the army. Thousands of men who are going back have closely and quickly followed up the ways in which money can be raised. Our greatest need now is for a wider vision and a greater faith. The rank and file of the men in the army have both of these to an extent even beyond that of our employed secretaries. They expect the Y.M.C.A. of the future to be the greatest force in our land.'

THE BUSIEST Y.M.C.A. CENTRE IN THE WORLD,
Canadian Beaver Hut, London, Eng.

Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD? One Dollar the Year

RED TRIANGLE CAMPAIGN

$1,100,000

May 5 to 9, 1919

CANADIAN YMCA

THE OLD LINKS

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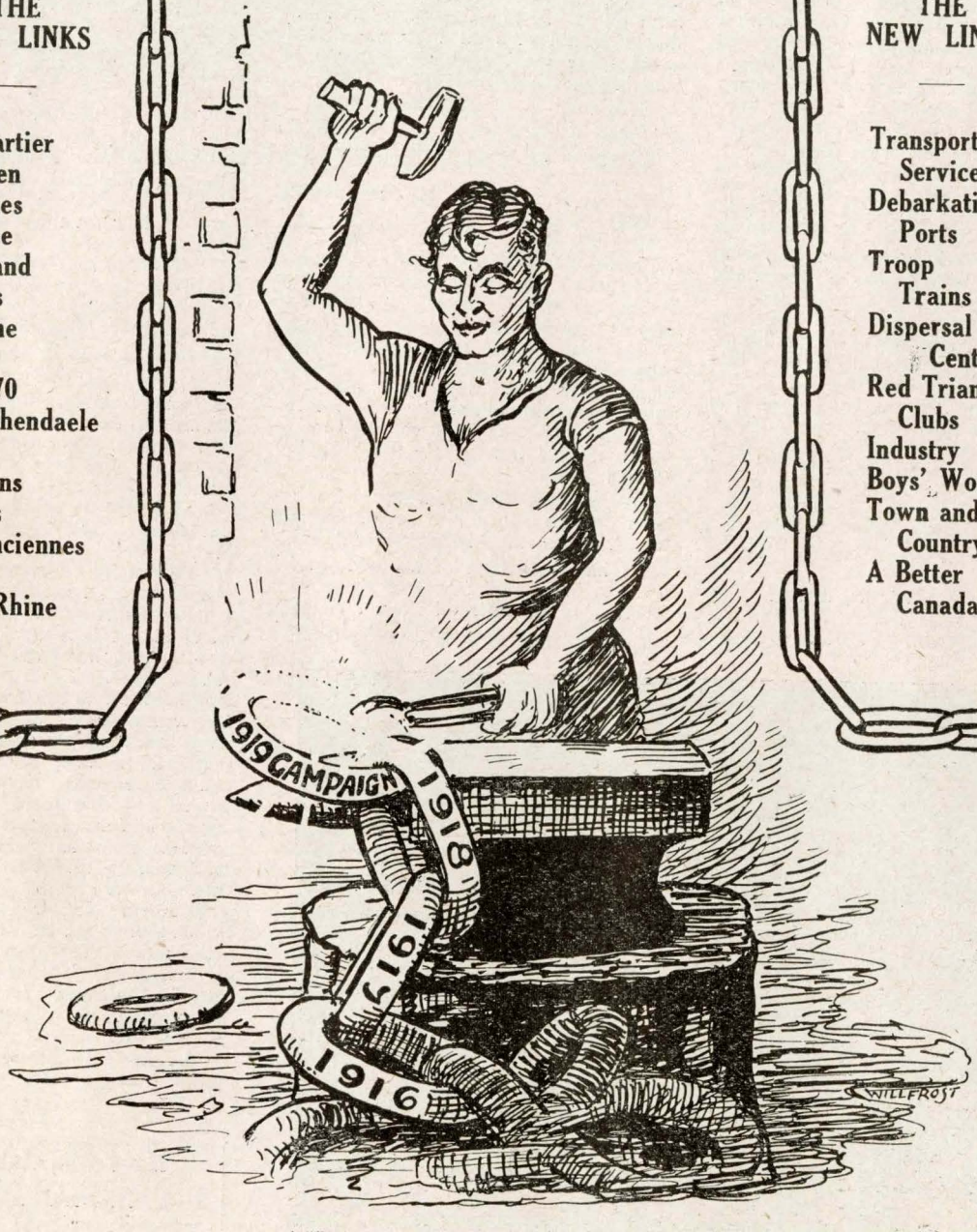
Borden
Hughes
Sarcee
England
Ypres
Somme
Vimy
Hill 70
Passchendaele
Paris
Amiens
Arras
Valenciennes
Mons
The Rhine



CANADIAN YMCA

THE NEW LINKS

Transport Service
Debarkation Ports
Troop Trains
Dispersal Centres
Red Triangle Clubs
Industry
Boys' Work
Town and Country
A Better Canada

FORGING THE NEXT LINK

SERVICE

The Scarlet Thread Running Through All "Y" Activities

The Only Slogan Worth While

At the annual meeting of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s, held at Hamilton on February 5th, Mr. Charles W. Bishop, General Secretary, closed the evening's proceedings with a stirring address dealing with the problems of conserving the enthusiasm generated at this gathering and utilizing it for aggressive work through the year.

While religion has more power to produce effective action through emotion than anything God has given, we have not always known how to utilize it, declared Mr. Bishop. We must learn how to bring this tremendous driving force to bear on the piston-rod that will drive machinery in human progress towards the Kingdom of God. As individual Christians and as an organization, we must learn how to store this energy and turn it to the production of newer, fresher, stronger service. We must see the tasks which many of our people and leaders are pointing out, and after lighting up those tasks with an ideal, go at them with power and enthusiasm behind the effort. The forces in the world today that are able to do that are the forces the world most needs. It wants the people who can link up the ideal and enthusiasm to the pressing needs.

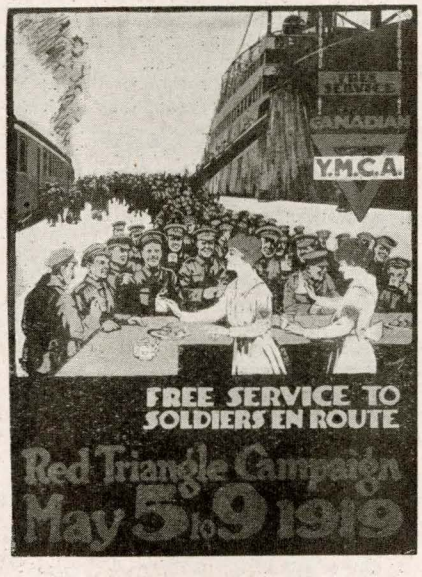
Slogans and Objectives.

The speaker, after remarking that old-time enthusiasm seemed to be lacking in present-day conferences, suggested the reason: that the slogans and objectives presented to the past generation had not as yet been replaced by newly-expressed slogans of the present hour. But the fuel is lying like tinder now, ready for the new enthusiasm that will burst out with fresh expression. One of the most interesting and suggestive forms of recent enthusiasm is to be seen in the Rotary Clubs throughout North America, in which groups of men have been gathered and transformed into a bunch of schoolboys. What is the secret? It is the ideal expressed in their motto, "Service." Where did that slogan come from? Why should organizations and clubs without the name Christian in their avowed title, without the religious objective—though most of them are religious men—be warming their spirits at a slogan whose force does not seem to be able to enthuse the great body of the organization from which the ideal has sprung? It is because we have not, as Christian people, yet utilized that slogan as we should. It is our duty and opportunity to exhibit the enthusiasm that can accompany the slogan of service plus the great Divine Leader who gave the slogan to the world. God is going to give us leaders or prophets who will take gatherings of men under the auspices of the Church, or the Rotary Clubs, or any other clubs, and a new enthusiasm will be revealed which, while on some occasions it will only blow the whistle, will on most occasions drive the wheels of Christian progress.

New Alignments.

The speaker referred to the big tasks which are pressing, such as reconstruction, new phases of co-operation, and internationalism as exhibited in the Russian situation. The proper performance of these great obligations may involve new alignments, but Christian men must not be deterred from the path of duty merely because of opposition to changes in method of operation. Some new developments may bring protests against changing the form of the Young Men's Christian Association as founded by Sir George Williams and Robert McBurney, but such objectors should remember that those founders would be the last men to object to changes in method, for they had themselves put before the world an organization which changed old methods of Christian work in those days.

May God give us grace to fashion our organization and methods to the needs of the hour in which we live, even at the sacrifice of form, of tradition, and, if necessary, even of name.



KEEPING UP-TO-DATE.

Construction work is being rushed on a new hut at King's Cross which will be a boon to hundreds of Canadian soldiers on leave. It is being built in record time, as a co-operative endeavor on the part of the Maple Leaf Club and the Canadian Y.M.C.A., the former to build and equip the hut and the latter to operate it. The site is kindly loaned by the Great Northern Railway Company.

This hut will have the biggest Kit Stores in London, with accommodation for 1,100 soldiers' kits, and will provide up to date dining and lunching facilities, designed for travelling men with little time to spare. These two are the chief features demanded and planned, though the Hut organization will be similar to other centres of the kind.

A Hut at King's Cross has long been needed for the use of the hundreds of soldiers who go to Northern England and Scotland on leave. Last month, according to the Leave Department of the Beaver Hut a great many Canadian soldiers travelled this direction. It is possible that the Kit Stores Department of the Hut will be ready for use this week. At a time when demobilization leave is coming through and many men will be seeing Scotland for the last time, this centre will be of more service than ever.

Free Tea at Crewe.

The demobilization arrangements for the Canadian Forces by which Liverpool (or some other port) is made the jumping off place for Canada, and Rhyl the place to prepare for jumping off, bring the junction town of Crewe to the front as the place where travelling soldiers need a cup of tea. The authorities have taken steps to meet the requirements. Co-operation was found to be the most practicable method of performing valuable service. At the request of the Catering Department of the Army, Captain T. H. Miller, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., visited Crewe. There he found an efficient and long-established organization carrying on—a Church of England body of voluntary workers who supplied tea at a penny a cup and buns at a penny a piece to train loads of Imperial and Australian soldiers passing through.

Arrangements for a tea service to the Canadians resulted, whereby the Canadian Army provides the supplies, the Church of England Society the workers and some equipment, and the Y.M.C.A. the rest of the equipment, the supervision, and the sergeant in charge who will see that the boys get the service to which they are accustomed.

Now the train loads (about 600 men to a train) of Canadian soldiers who are passing through Crewe daily, find free tea and buns ready for them on the station platform. The hour of the train's arrival having been given in advance, along with the number of men to be supplied, provision is made to have at hand the necessary supplies of tea and buns, so that no time is wasted.

The Y.M.C.A. is keeping its service up to date in other ways than those mentioned above—no small task at present when demobilization machinery is in operation and new plans as to camps taken over, etc., are a matter of almost daily announcement.

Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD? One Dollar the Year

SEX EDUCATION

Is There a Remedy?

By Oswald C. J. Withrow, M.B., (Tor.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Physician Department of Psychiatry, Toronto General Hospital; Secretary Department of Sex Education, National Council Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada.

DR. WITHROW.

All progress has been dearly bought. It is a difficult task to uproot beliefs and prejudices dating back for decades, generations, and even centuries. When one is continually facing the great problem of venereal disease and immorality, the question is bound to poke its head into the arena: "Is there any use in trying to fight this devastating scourge? Is there any reasonable hope of a solution?" One says, "You can't change human nature. Why, then, expect an improvement in social conditions?"

Another remarks, "Prostitution is the oldest profession in the world. It has always existed and always will exist. There is no use in trying to do away with it."

While somebody adds, "They call the scarlet woman the Eternal Magdalene, do they not? Doesn't it mean that such things will always be?"

And while these voices present such century-old statements there is a general shaking of heads in assent.

"What's the use?" the people murmur. "What's the use?"

Granting that the problems relating to the sex life of men and women are the most intricate of all and require peculiar treatment, it is conceivable that some of the methods applied to the solution of other scourges and evils during the last hundred years may prove of real value here.

When Lord Lister walked the hospital wards in Edinburgh and saw men and women dying by hundreds from blood poisoning, did he mutter to himself, "What's the use of trying anything new? Blood poisoning has always been and always will be. Let them die. I'll perform the surgical operations, but I can't be responsible for what follows."

This was not the attitude of the great Lister. He ushered in the era of antiseptics and the death rate from blood poisoning steadily declined. Other later surgeons, building upon his foundation, reared the superstructure of asepsis and to-day surgical operations are hardly ever followed by blood poisoning if proper technique is carried out.

Dr. Jenner watched the horrible ravages of small pox. Did he stand aside and fold his arms, sympathetic, but helpless, in the face of the argument that nothing could be done to improve a condition which had always been? You know quite well that his investigations resulted in the institution of vaccination, and small pox to-day is a rare disease and so mild in its course that fear of it has almost vanished.

The French began the construction of the Panama Canal. Workmen died in thousands from yellow fever and other tropical diseases. Miasmatic swamps of Central America breathed out pestilence and destruction. So perilous was the situation that the project was abandoned and people said that the Canal could not be built. The United States took up the difficult task. A physician was sent down there who cleaned up the swamps and drained away the breeding places of the offending insects. The work proceeded, the health of the workers was good, and it is said that there are fewer healthier spots in the world to-day than the Panama area.

Suppose this physician had said, "Don't disturb the insects. They have been here always and we had better let them alone."

There would not now be any Panama Canal.

The discovery that many, if not all, infectious and contagious diseases are caused by a germ or bacillus, led to the institution of reporting such diseases and placarding the houses in which they occurred. Then the patient and those immediately surrounding him are quarantined until the disease is cured. This is a distinct advance upon the ancient custom of allowing sufferers from certain diseases to walk the streets and visit the market-places, crying out "Unclean, Unclean!" to any approaching fellow-beings. The placarding of houses quarantined for infectious and contagious diseases acts as a warning and a protection to the public. In these days neighbors insist on the placarding of infected houses while friends and relatives acquiesce because they know that such a regulation is beneficent.

In spite of the progress made in the realm of preventive medicine, in spite of the improvement in the general health of the community, in spite of the lessening of the fear of certain infectious and contagious diseases, there are two diseases more devastating than all the rest, which are increasing in incidence and severity because we are afraid to bring them out into the open and treat them as we are treating all other contagious diseases.

The leper walked the Oriental streets crying "Unclean, Unclean!" Men and women with syphilis or gonorrhœa walk our streets, eat in our restaurants, visit our homes, and mingle generally in society, and are not required to cry "Unclean, Unclean!"

The amount of unhappiness, degradation, suffering, sorrow and death resulting directly and indirectly from these two diseases cannot be computed, but it is very, very great.

Will a young lady marry a man who has a venereal disease if she knows it?

It is scarcely possible, but how is she to know?

Secrecy must be maintained.

Would a clean young fellow—and there are such—marry a woman who has a venereal disease, if he knew it?

It is not probable; but how is he to know?

Secrecy must be maintained.

If we are logical, if we are in the line of progress, if we really want to eradicate this great evil, if we desire to protect our daughters from great tragedy, then we shall see upon the doors of many houses throughout our broad Dominion great white placards with scarlet printing reading thus: "Syphilis in this House!" "Gonorrhœa in this House!" On some doors the two placards would rest side by side.

When we are ready to have this procedure carried out we shall show that we are really in earnest.

The inference is plain.

Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD? One Dollar the Year

ONE OF THE POSTERS FOR USE IN THE MAY CAMPAIGN.

One Young Man's Resolve

NOT long ago a young graduate found a job at engineering up in Northern Ontario with the Canadian Northern Railway System. He buckled down to his work earnestly, and was demonstrating the good stuff that was in him when, by accident, he was killed. He had been receiving only the moderate wages which beginners get in that occupation, and in order to be frugal and save something out of these moderate wages, he had hired a barely furnished room in which to live. After his death, when the contents of his room were looked over, his friends found a manuscript containing the principles which this young man had formulated for his guidance through life. They are worth reprinting, for they show that this struggling engineer was also a human philosopher, and the creed which he formulated should be a wholesome guide for every man.

My Guide

(*a*) To respect my country, my profession and myself. To be *honest* and *fair* with my *fellowmen*, as I expect them to be *honest* and *square* to me. To be loyal to the Dominion of Canada.

(*b*) To speak of it with praise and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight with it wherever it goes.

(*c*) To base my expectations of reward on a *solid foundation of service rendered;* to be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an *opportunity to be seized with joy* and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

(*d*) *To remember that success lies within myself*, in my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and to force my way through them; to turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

(*e*) To believe in my own proposition, heart and soul; to carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet; to dispel ill-temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

(*f*) To make a study of my business, to know my profession in every detail, to mix brains with my efforts, and *to use system and method in my work*. To find *time* to do *every* needful thing by never letting *time find me doing nothing*. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars; to make every hour bring dividends, increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

(*g*) To keep my future unmortgaged with debts; to save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a most precious stock in trade.

(*h*) Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life; to play the *game* like a *man;* to fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and to grow in strength a gentleman, a Christian.

"So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to my God—a fragrance in the path I trod."

Dated at Capreol, Ont., November 1st, 1918.

A WAR TIME CONCERT COLLEGE

How the "Y" Produced a Programme

THE appearance at London theatres during the Summer of the Third Canadian Divisional Concert Party, "The Dumbells," has directed interest to the wonderful entertainment school carried on by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for the benefit of the Canadian Corps in France. Since being in London, the "Dumbells" have rehearsed "Pinafore" at the School, and are now making a tremendous hit producing it for the benefit of the Canadian soldiers in France (and Germany).

The idea of a school for concert parties was first originated in the Canadian Corps by Capt. Merton Plunkett, who at that time, December, 1917, was senior officer for the Y.M.C.A. of the 3rd Division. It must be understood that the Canadian Y.M.C.A. is part and parcel of the Canadian Corps, and is manned throughout by trained men who hold the honorary commissions in the army, exactly the same as the doctors, padres, quartermasters, etc.

The foundation and formation of the school was entrusted to Lieut. F. G. Armitage, and from the middle of December, 1917, to the end of March, 1918, ten parties were given a thorough training. The advance of the Germans in March, and the consequent feverish activities on the part of the Allies to circumvent the Hun, made it necessary to "declare a vacation" at the school, and the place was closed for the summer, but not before the success of the experiment had been demonstrated beyond doubt. Thousands and thousands of men were entertained by the various parties trained at the school, and the problem of "swinging the pendulum" from thoughts of trenches, blood and horror to the other extreme of wholesome laughter and amusement was to a large measure solved by Mr. Armitage's academy.

The school premises then consisted of an Adrian hut and suitable outhouses for cooking, etc., and were situated in the village of C——, near enough to the German lines to be unpleasant. Indeed, the Germans were often engaged in shelling the east end of the village, while two or three concert parties were rehearsing in the hut at the other end of the main street. This occurrence became so common as to fail to excite notice. The staff consisted of two scene painters, a stage carpenter, a tailor, and a very clever musician, Gunner Guy Ambrose, who, together with Lieut. Armitage as president, made up the faculty of the "college."

Here the "Y Emma" party rehearsed and produced "The Private Secretary" for the Christmas season of last year. Here Elgar's famous song cycle, "Fringes of the Fleet," was produced with all the necessary scenic effects. Jacob's playlet, "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," and many others, were "brought into being," and, of course, very considerable attention was given to the "solo" turns of the various performers making up the personnel of the troupes. Singing and dancing, reciting and juggling, magic and instrumental music, it was all in the day's work.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

THE TROUPE.

The interior of the hut was always a source of interest to visitors. One end was arranged as a Bijou theatre, with painted proscenium, etc. Then there were the special shops for carpenter, tailor, scene painters, stores, etc. The quartermaster's stores were a revelation, because supplies were going out to other parties, irrespective of the parties trained in the school. The place was packed with wigs and grease paints, magician's coils and apparatus, music and costumes. It would prove—did prove—an Aladdin's cave to a member of the "magic" profession.

The G.O.C. of the Canadian Corps, Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, favored extending the "laughter barrage" this winter, and so the school was opened again, this time in a magnificent French chateau. Here it was that the "Dumbells" resided while rehearsing "Pinafore."

Capt. Plunkett has taken over the school, and Lieut. Armitage has taken up a new appointment in England, after his useful service in carrying on the good work of "giving furiously to laugh."

THE "Y" SUITS THE CHINESE

The Oriental Under the Wing of the Canadian "Y"

THE spectacle of one hundred Chinamen hitting the trail on pleasure bent at two o'clock, before sunrise —and with sixteen miles of French roads to walk—almost suggests enthusiasm. Or, perhaps, it means something like a rich chop suey at the end of the trip.

Nothing of the sort. It was a Y.M.C.A. "Amateur Theatrical," scheduled for that evening at the base. The men walked back again when it was over, arriving at one o'clock a.m., and were at work the following morning as usual.

Committees for a better Canada should take note.

"The Chinese are much given to gambling in their lonesome life over here," writes Lieut. G. H. Cole, from St. Omer. "The best antidote we have found is amateur theatricals. These have been introduced in many centres, and have been most successful."

In addition to the theatricals, games are freely used in the Y.M.C.A. programmes. Chinese chess, draughts, quoits, bagatelle and football are among those mentioned by Mr. Cole, while in other respects the "Y" activities are similar to those provided under the Red Triangle in the field or camps overseas. These include the canteen, for the partial supply of which 125 tons of goods are received per month from Canada.

"In the three army areas," says Mr. Cole, "the Y.M.C.A. hut is a great centre of comfort and joy to the men. Though we do not minimize the work of the canteen, the thing we are most interested in is the programme of activities. Work is being carried on along recreational, educational and religious lines."

Mr. Cole is a former officer of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Overseas (from Ottawa), and is now loaned to the British Y.M.C.A. for work with the Chinese labor battalions in Europe. He and Mr. R. M. Hersey, of the International Y.M.C.A. Committee, New York, are directing the Chinese work, Mr. Cole having the responsibility for the programme and equipment.

The work for the Chinese laborers in France has been a big problem because of the peculiar character of the men themselves and the unique conditions surrounding their employment. When the British Y.M.C.A. addressed itself to the task, they turned to the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for help. Major J. H. Wallace, then senior officer for the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France, having had over ten years' experience in China on the staff of the International Y.M.C.A. Committee, and being an adept Chinese linguist, consented to co-operate and was loaned to the British. Major Wallace set up the whole enterprise, on paper and in the field, and when he returned to the Canadians, after a few months, a well-equipped and well-oiled machine was in operation. His place was taken by Mr. Cole. The work, which is financed and controlled by the International Y.M.C.A. Committee and the National Committee of China, in co-operation with the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. in Great Britain, has now been unified in the British, American and French armies. Besides the loaning of valued officers, as mentioned, the Canadian Military Y.M.C.A. lends financial support through the British National Council, the amount of this contribution in 1918 being $25,000 specifically for the Chinese work.

The work is now being carried on in eight bases and three army areas, *i.e.*, at Calais, Boulogne, Etaples, Abbeville, Dieppe, Havre, Rouen and Avancourt, and with the First, Third and Fifth armies. The number of Chinese in these

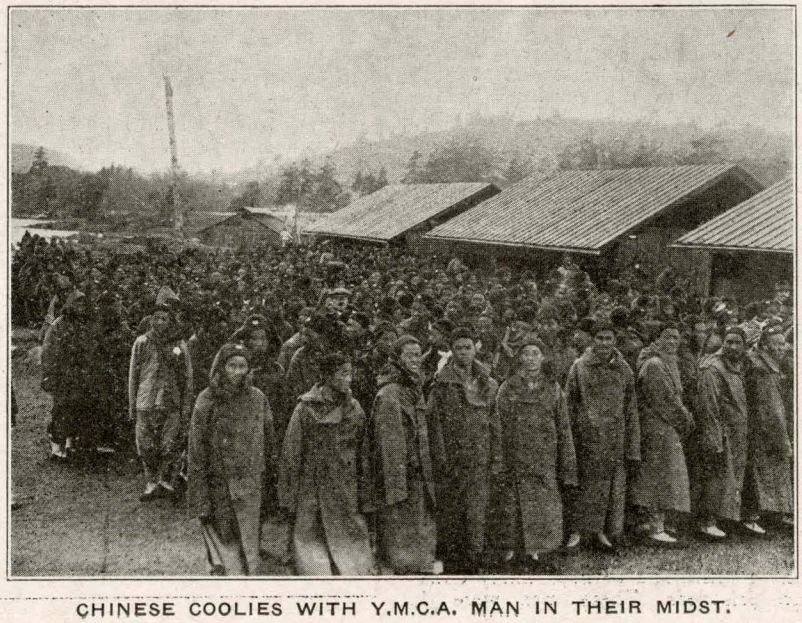
MAJOR J. H. WALLACE.

areas varies from 3,000 in Etaples to 18,000 in the Third Army and 18,000 in Calais. The Y.M.C.A. has a staff of 84 (42 British, 11 American, 31 Chinese), who are carrying on in 84 centres, over half of them huts and the remainder marquees, ruined houses and dug-outs.

The reception which this work has had at the hands of the military authorities has been mixed—that is to say, their attitude of to-day, according to Mr. Cole, presents a striking contrast to what it was in the early days.

"At the end of 1917," he says, "when request was made for permission to establish work among the Chinese, it was at first flatly refused, and the permission of February, 1918, allowing us to commence work, was obtained with difficulty. At the end of 1918 we are embarrassed by the demands of the military for us to extend our services. This proves that the work has commended itself to them, and assurances from officers, interpreters and men prove that it commends itself heartily to the Chinese themselves."

Apart from the bigness of the enterprise and its value to the Chinese laborers, Mr. Cole finds in this "a splendid example of co-operation which should mean much for international and Christian relationships."



CHINESE COOLIES WITH Y.M.C.A. MAN IN THEIR MIDST.

Have You Subcribed to
CANADIAN MANHOOD
A Dollar the Year

THE KAISER'S HASTY RETREAT

By H. B. C.

TO have seen the deposed Kaiser on the Day of World-Liberation from the tyranny of his blood-thirsty armies, will always stand out as a memorable experience in the minds of those who had the "pleasure." The eyes of the universe were f cussed upon Potsdam and its despot. But a mere handful, comparatively, saw his ignominious departure from an exalted throne and his hasty, undignified, begging entry into his chosen haven of seclusion—Holland.

Such a privilege fell to Capt. D. W. Corbett, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Overseas Staff, who, at the time the armistice was signed, was in Holland representing the Y.M.C.A. in its co-operative efforts with the British Y.M.C.A. on behalf of British prisoners of war repatriated through Holland.

News of the Kaiser's abdication reached Capt. Corbett at The Hague on November 9th. He had visited the Canadian Orderly Office that morning, had lunched with Major Osborn and Major and Mrs. Corey. They then took a taxi to Hexham, where a football match between Colonials and Imperials was scheduled, during the course of which the news was received.

The following day Holland was in a tremor of excitement over the announcement that the Kaiser and his suite had come knocking at the gates in the dewy hours of the morning. The nervousness of the people was exhibited in one rather ominous way, for a restless spirit had arisen at The Hague among the Dutch troops, and Holland was filled with talk of an impending revolution of its own.

"In Belgium, France or Blighty,
As thru' the mud we dangle,
We always see the welcome sign,
The good old Red Triangle."
—W. H. Honour, 16th Batt. Scottish, Winnipeg.

Most of the stores were barricaded, and similar measures taken, not merely at the capital, but throughout the country.

The Y.M.C.A. had been asked to proceed to the German frontier with two lorry-loads of supplies for the unhappy prisoners of war, who, during those tragic hours, were trudging wearily out of the country that had been their Hell-on-earth, toward liberty and safety. Along with Mr. Dennis, the head of the British Y. M. C. A. work in Holland, Capt. Corbett set out for the border. In their lorries were cigarettes, chocolates, oxo, rice, rolled oats, and other nourishing foods. The interpreter on the trip was a Mr. Beaugeard, the son of the Danish Minister at The Hague and a graduate of Oxford. That night was spent at the Crown Hotel in Breda.

Let Capt. Corbett tell his own story of the next day—that historic Monday which will make November 11th a day of rejoicing for generations to come.

"We were up at 5.30, had an early breakfast, and were away shortly after 6 a.m.," he says. "We had a fine morning and splendid run, passing through Tillsburg, Mindhover and Rourment. Here, going out of the town, we were held up at a level railway crossing, which was protected by Dutch soldiers, one of whom informed Mr. Beaugeard that the train starting in front of us contained the ex-Kaiser and his party. It had been standing for some ten or fifteen minutes, and then started to crawl past us soon after we arrived. It again stopped for a second or two to pick up some Dutch officers.

"This train consisted of about ten or a dozen carriages. The third carriage had all the blinds drawn except one, and at this window the Kaiser himself was seated, looking out. Three of our party had seen him on previous occasions, and each of us immediately recognized him. His face was weather-beaten and in a terrible condition, whether from lack of sleep or what, we do not know, but all of us came to the conclusion afterwards that his face was one we should never forget. He was entirely alone. The car next to him was of the saloon type, with large windows, and had a table in the centre, around which the Kaiser's suite were meeting in council together.

"As the train pulled out, I looked at the time, and noticed that it was exactly 11 o'clock to the minute, the very hour that Marshal Foch's 'Cease Fire' order went into effect."

But what of the poor lads whose hunger and fatigue the lorry loads of provisions were designed to relieve? Capt. Corbett tells how at Maestricht few prisoners were crossing the border, so they drove their lorries on twenty kilometres to Sittard, near which was a concentration camp conducted by the Dutch Red Cross authorities.

"Here," he goes on, "we found a great many British, and perhaps thirty Canadian prisoners. These men were in absolute rags and tatters, several hundred of them. They had been on the tramp for some days, many of them escaping from prison, hiding in the daytime in hay-stacks and woods, advancing during the night, and living principally on turnips taken from the fields on their march.

FROM THE "DUMBELLS."

Capt. M. W. Plunkett, with the two "girls"—"Marjorie," R. B. Hamilton, on his left arm, and "Marie," A. J. Murray, on his right.

"The Red Cross had very little food at this place, so the stuff we brought was a literal Godsend. We immediately got busy boiling water and making beef tea, which we gave to the men in bowlfuls, working till late at night.

"The saddest part of this camp was the large numbers of Russian prisoners that were coming in. The men had been tramping for weeks, and seemed veritably to be like 'sheep without a shepherd,' with no one to care for them. The Dutch were doing what they could on their behalf."

On the following morning Mr. Dennis was obliged to return, and Capt. Corbett remained to carry on the work of mercy. He spent most of the day in issuing beef tea, Horlick's tablets, and cigarettes, and arranging other details of the food distribution scheme. In the afternoon oxo, biscuits and chocolate were given to the men, while he also sent a large number of cables and telegrams to relatives of the repatriated men—those messages which must have brought a sigh of gratitude and thanksgiving to many a heart in both Great Britain and Canada.

Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD A Dollar the Year

A NIGHT IN BONN

By "Maple Leaf"

BONN, up there on the Rhine, was busy that night. It was seven o'clock—too late for the workers to be on their way home, too early for the evening throngs of a large city. I knew later that the reason for it was the Army of Occupation—the German citizen, having to be off the streets by nine, was forced to commence his evening's entertainment early.

But about the market place—where, during the day, fat German women and aged German farmers had been displaying red cabbages and turnips, and such other vegetables as abound in Germany—it was not German citizens who were blocking the streets. .

Out from before an ornate doorway, over which hung an electric sign signifying that the Canadian Y.M.C.A. was showing there free to the soldiers the films of the day, a long queue extended, a queue of khaki that shadowed off into the darkness with that peculiar indefiniteness that outlines khaki day or night.

There was nothing else savoring of soldiers about the line. It was quiet and orderly and restrained, without having assumed the stiffness of drill and discipline. It meant that there were there hundreds of Canadians who recognized the rights of those ahead without feeling the slightest inclination to give way to those behind.

I knew that the first performance of the night was already under way inside. And I wandered down the street, to find that the queue curled round and round within the market place in order to squeeze the greatest number of men possible within sight of the electric sign.

"Hopeless for me," I thought. But I was wrong. The boys had learned to a man or two the capacity of the theatre, and did not trouble to remain in line when the limit was reached. My good fortune was in securing a place in one of the boxes at the rear, reserved for officers.

The films were interesting—good, up-to-date ones, such as are charged twenty-five to sixty cents for in England—but more interesting were the surroundings. It was a beautiful little theatre, built by a wealthy man for the wealthy classes of a wealthy city. But there was not a German in the building except the orchestra at the front and the women ushers, who stood about the walls watching in a dazed way the new patrons on whom they waited.

And when the show was over the theatre emptied in a very few minutes. The long string I had seen outside was on its way in. During the interval I climbed to the projection room, a beautifully clean and complete gallery at the back, with two of the latest projectors and a couple of expert German operators, who zealously anticipated my every move in the servile manner that has come so easily to the conquered people.

Leaving the movie theatre, I walked a few yards down one side of the square to another electric sign, the "Gross Bonn." This elaborate entertainment place had been a cabaret and beer garden. The cabaret I had seen before, in all its extravagances of lights and plate glass, floors and arches and lounges. But the beer garden was now in the midst of its liveliest hour.

It was crowded. First to catch my eye was another long queue within the room, directed towards the "Y" canteen, where two salesmen were dealing out commodities as fast as they could be supplied by two others from stock. Here the queue was as orderly as before the theatre. Over in another corner was another canteen, where hot tea and coffee were given out free to every Canadian soldier who asked for them. And at the scores of tables, which had once catered to the bibulous beer-drinkers, were now seated clear-eyed Canadians, with pasteboard cups of steaming coffee.

But the "Y" had done more than provide a canteen and free drinks. Row after row of chairs were filled with soldiers, listening intently to an orchestra—silent, with their eyes fixed, some with their caps off. And it was a German orchestra—without the ridicule that attaches in Canada to the name. It was an orchestra that played because it loved music, not because it hoped its audience loved music enough to pay it to go away. I had an impression that the artists were unaware of the presence of the auditors—and that scores of the auditors were thinking of other scenes thousands of miles away that were called up by the appeal of the violin and its accompanists.

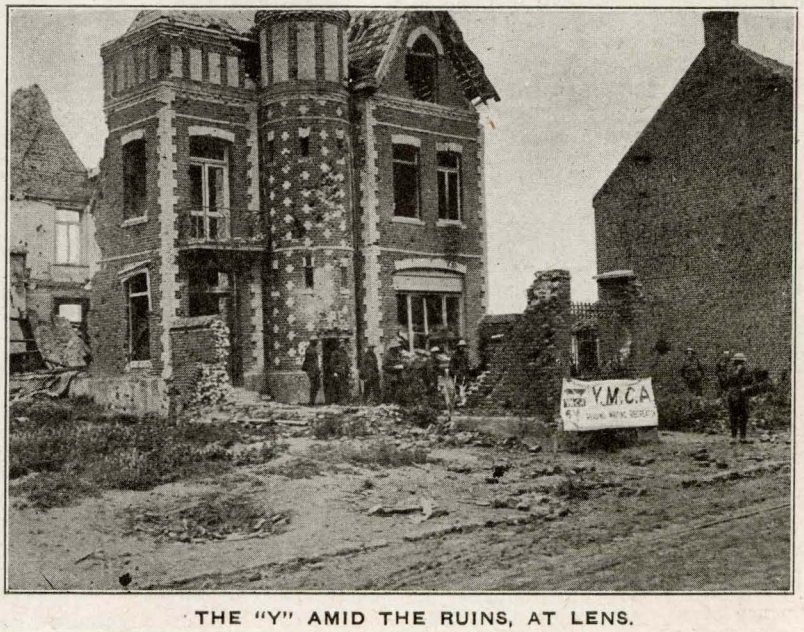
The music ended. In a moment the room was a roar of clapping hands—the men in the queue, at the tables, in the seats. And the orchestra rose and bowed, delighted. A soldier whispered something to the leader. A smile of sheer joy flashed over his face, and he turned and spoke to his assistants. Then came the Humoresque—perhaps not Mischa Elman, but the finest the boys had heard in—oh, so long. The queue stood still. The coffee counter waitresses were free to tiptoe where they could see. The tea on the tables went cold and softened the pasteboard cups. Here and there a lad reached up instinctively and removed his cap without knowing it.

And at the end there was such a long silence that I thought there would be no applause. But the feeling passed, and in its trail came such a burst of applause as brought what I believe were tears to the violinist's eyes. The queue rushed into line again. The waitresses hastily turned taps into fresh pasteboard cups.

All the orchestra save one came down from the platform and passed back to the coffee counter for a drink and a biscuit. And the one who was left—a mere lad—ran his bow idly over his cello, and almost unnoticed glided into something that acted like a steadily tightening band to grip the room to straining attention.

I left them then—clapping for an encore. The queue was still endless. The tables were getting soiled with spilled tea. A large sign on a post over a waste basket pleaded "Please Help!" And on another post still glared the German notice of the old guzzling days: "Dortmunder Hansabler, 40 pf. Nunchener Borgerbrau, 45 pf."

And the German characters lingered with me as I passed through the door—the incongruity of it. But at the last there drifted out to me "Asleep in the Deep." The German lad was responding to a Canadian encore in a Canadian way.



THE "Y" AMID THE RUINS, AT LENS.

A SYMPATHETIC ARM and HELPING HAND

How They Aid the Soldier

"Hello, you fellows; where are you going to-night?" The Pal had just cleared Waterloo Bridge when he noticed three young Canadians standing talking together. "Will you come along with me. I'm doing some lip music at the Y.M.C.A. to-night?"

The men laughed.

"We're waiting for George."

"Well, where is he? Why shouldn't he come, too?"

They pointed to an older man further down the street, and the Pal led the group in his direction. They came up with him, standing talking to a woman outside a house, which, with apparent cordiality, advertised in the window: "Bed and breakfast." He was making an appointment for the same evening.

"Hello, George," said the Pal. "These fellows have taken me on as a Pal, and I want you to take me, too. We're going along to the "Y" for a bit of company this evening."

His arm was in the crook of George's muscular one in a moment, and they started in the "Y" direction.

"Are you a married man?"

"Yes, I have a wife in Canada."

"Would you like your wife to know what you are going to do to-night, George?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"And your sons; would you like them to know what their father is doing over here in London?"

"Look here," George broke in. "I see what you're after. You've got me down. I won't keep that appointment, and I will keep clear of this thing as long as I'm here."

They went to the "Y," and passed the night in one of the big sleeping-rooms which had given many a homesick soldier a hard, but honest, rest in London. The Pal was there in the morning to see them off.

"Good-bye," they said, "and thank you a thousand times. You not only saved our money, but saved something for us that's worth more than money. We're off home with a clear conscience and a good heart. God bless you!"

That is the kind of work the Pal is doing all the time. He has the knack of it. By the time he has said six words men know that they can talk to him. His smile is better than a public house sign for bidding men welcome, and his voice has that equable winning quality that belongs to people who can sing. His best work lay among boys until the war, and he has found the work of his life among the bigger boys who are in London now from every part of the world. He can tell such stories as only come to the expert in humanity—of men pacing the waiting-rooms at Waterloo, at close grips with the devil, and winning a victory that brought drops of sweat from knitted brows, of roving, homeless lads who have blown in a "Y" hut, and under the influence of an unaccustomed geniality told the story of some far-back "quarrel with dad about a girl," and of how, with a little help, there was a letter home, and a journey ending with a meeting and a talk ending in a reconciliation, and one reunited family thrown into the balance against all the families sundered by the war.

He can tell of brave men trembling like children at the voice of conscience, of clean men who had fallen accidentally into mud and mire picked up and set upon their feet, of sober men taken suddenly unawares by the friendly poison that made them what they were not, and never desired to be; of simple men trapped unawares in the nets that London spreads so gratuitously for the souls of its defenders; of manhood lost and manhood gained, and womanhood saved. That is what it means to be a Tommy's Pal in the "Y" huts in London. Here are some extracts from his letters:—

"I thought of you many times. You are so different to most older men than myself I have been with. You seemed to enjoy my young notions, anyhow, and I always thought an older person could not be bothered with young people, especially young chaps, and vice-versa."

"I am so pleased that we met yesterday. I feel it is through you that I am on the right road at last. You have no idea how happy I have been since our last meeting. . . . Well, Pal o' mine, you know how changed I am from the box of nerves you met yesterday, and it is all through your helping and brotherly sympathy. Would you kindly drop a few lines to my wife in New Zealand? Her address is . . ."

"I must thank you for the conversation we had last night. You have opened my mind and let me see that love of home comes before pride. . . . I am leaving for home this afternoon. . . . You have taught me in so few words what the real life is to live in God's way."

"It did me so much good the little time I was with you. It gives me a better grip on myself, and cheered me up ever so much. I know I can do better for it."

These are some of the jewels in the crown of Tommy's Pal.—*The Red Triangle.*

NO COMPLAINTS.

A Y.M.C.A. officer in a Canadian camp where complaints of the food had been loud and numerous, was requested by one of the soldiers to write a letter for him to his wife. Towards the close of the epistle the soldier dictated:

"The food is good, and there's lots of it."

The "Y" man expressed surprise at such a statement so much at variance with the general opinion.

"Well, you see," explained the sender of the letter, "I'm the assistant cook."

ONLY ONE LEFT.

At the camp Y.M.C.A. a lonesome and pathetic-looking soldier sat playing the phonograph. His mouth was drawn and he appeared homesick. The tune he was playing was "There's No Place Like Home." He played the record again and again. Finally a sympathetic "Y" secretary asked him if he was blue and thinking of the folks at home. "Naw," replied the soldier. "I ain't thinkin' of nothin.' All the other records are busted."

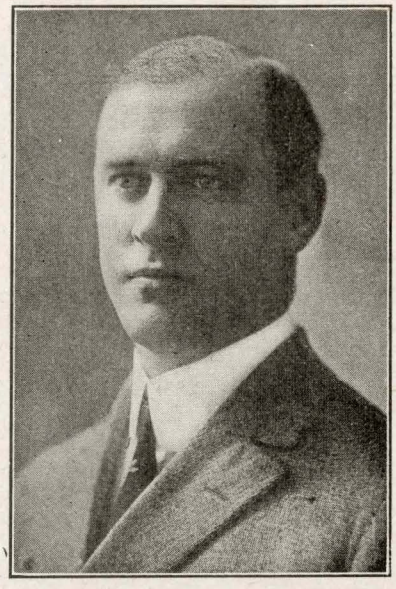
MAPLE LEAF CONCERT PARTY.

PERSONALITIES

Deeds—Decorations—Developments

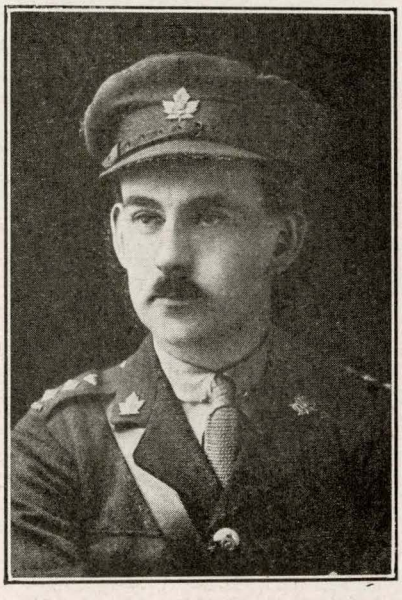
The list of decorations issued at the first of the year for war service includes six Canadian Y.M.C.A. officers, in addition to five mentions. Three were presented with M.C.'s, and three with the Order of the British Empire.

The M.C.'s were in recognition of service given during the heavy fighting of this year. Never before was the Canadian "Y" so active for the fighting units, never so zealous in keeping its benefits right up in the midst of the battle areas, never so much appreciated.



MAJOR (DR.) JOHN BROWN, JR.

For three years Supervisor Military Y.M.C.A. Work. Now Territorial Secretary for Ontario and Quebec.



CAPT. J. M. BOOTH,

Formerly Controller of Finance Overseas. Now Controller of Finance for the Whole Organization.

CAPT J. CLARKE, M.C.

In the battle of Amiens the "Y" was taxed to its capacity more acutely than in any other Canadian battle, due to the surprise feature of the battle. It was, accordingly, impossible to prepare ahead for the installation of booths for the service of the wounded. Not until eight the previous evening were official plans completed for the evacuation of the wounded.

By nine Capt. Clarke had a plant set up at one advanced collecting post. In charge of stores, he went forward in the attack next morning with the second wave and arrived at Marcelcave before the Germans had left, being present at the capture of a regimental commander and his staff. The "Y" biscuits he was able to get into Marcelcave before evening supplied the place of the day's rations to an entire brigade which had not eaten since the night before.

Following up with the attack, he carried supplies on his back, relieving the wounded as they lay. While on this work his sergeant was wounded by machine gun fire. He pushed out from Rosieres towards Meharicourt, discovered that the battalions in the support trenches were without cigarettes, and returned for them to Rosieres, sending up a supply for each battalion. Both he and Capt. (then Lieut.) Armitage, M.C., figured in this operation.

CAPT F. G. ARMITAGE, M.C.

This officer was awarded the Military Cross for his part in a series of incidents during the first two or three days of the battle of Amiens, commencing August 8th, 1918.

When transport was out of the question, on August 9th, Capt. Armitage set ten German prisoners and his own men to work constructing transport, using chicken wire and wheels found at a ruined farm house to manufacture improvised carts. In these he took supplies that night to Caix, through heavy bombing and other difficulties.

Next morning they were at Rosieres before the ambulance arrived, and set up business serving the troops. The same day the colonel of a heavily engaged battalion sent back an urgent call for cigarettes, of which his men were badly in need. Not caring to ask his men to accompany him on his dangerous mission through a heavily-shelled zone, Capt. Armitage undertook to reach the battalion, entrenched in front of Meharicourt. He commandeered a German minenwerfer and two German prisoners, and succeeded in reaching his destination.

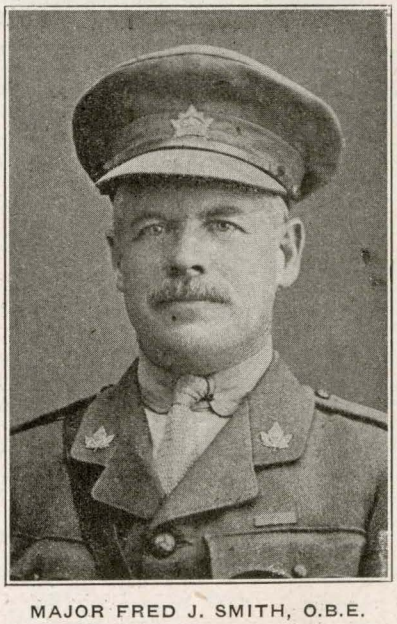
Have You Subscribed to CANADIAN MANHOOD A Dollar the Year

CAPT. J. G. MCKAY, M.C.

During the operations before Cambrai Capt. McKay was in charge of a forward post of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Although under heavy shell fire, he continued to carry on until badly wounded. For his conduct in this engagement, and for equal fearlessness and faithful service throughout the heavy fighting of that time, Capt. McKay was awarded the Military Cross.

MAJOR E. M. BEST,

Formerly Senior Secretary of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France. Now Acting Supervisor Military Y.M.C.A. Work.



MAJOR FRED J. SMITH, O.B.E.

Formerly Supervisor of Canadian Y.M.C.A. Work in England. Now National Director of Physical Work in Canada.

WITH THE TROOP TRAIN SECRETARIES

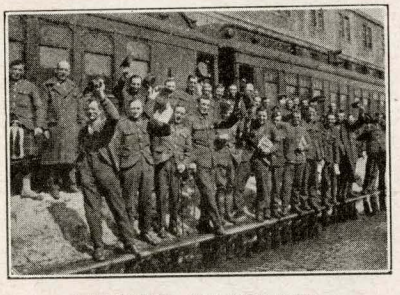
"Quick Lunch" Concert at North Bend, B.C.

Christmas Tree On Train

Y.M.C.A. Secretaries accompany all troop trains from points of debarkation to destination. The following article is compiled from reports received from two Secretaries, Mr. John McDonald and Mr. J. C. Cochrane, who accompanied trains from coast to coast.

After a long and grilling experience in the trenches in France, and having recrossed the Atlantic and Canada to within a few hours of Vancouver and home, and then to be side-tracked in the Rockies for a night in the depth of winter—well, how would you like it?

Such was the experience of a company of returned men last December. It was found impossible to reach Vancouver before midnight, and it was decided to sidetrack the troop train, which included three hospital coaches, at North Bend from seven p.m. until three o'clock next morning. To be so near and yet so far from home was discouraging, to put it mildly, and the boys were not backward in expressing their sentiments.



LANDING AT QUEBEC.

Fortunately, there were two experienced "Y" Secretaries on board. Mr. John McDonald had accompanied the hospital coaches from Halifax, and Mr. J. C. Cochrane had come out with a troop train from Quebec, the two joining their depleted forces at Regina.

North Bend is the last divisional point on the C.P.R. going West, and is a pretty little town in the heart of the Rockies. It has few inhabitants, but they are alive. The two "Y" men soon rounded up a reception committee, and before long the interned Tommies on the troop train were enjoying an impromptu concert in the public hall. The owner of the hall, Mr. Downing, although confined to house with a bad cold, surrendered his keys, on receipt of a Y.M.C.A. guarantee that everything would be all right. There were no lights in the building, but several pounds of candles distributed along the window ledges shed more than a "dim religious" glow. The boys started the ball rolling with talent amongst themselves. Word of what was doing spread quickly, and North Bend turned out en masse to patronize the concert. Within half an hour the hall was full.

Somebody said "Coffee." Instantly the ladies got busy. Many of them disappeared, to return almost at once with pies, cakes, sandwiches, doughnuts and candies. North Bend rose to the occasion to a man—and to a woman—and no art or device of warm hospitality was omitted to give the boys a royal welcome and mitigate their disappointment at the postponement of their arrival home. Several ladies took their turn at the piano, and their contribution was supplemented by Mr. Cochrane's efforts on his harp and mouth organ. Everybody had a rollicking time, and the citizens said it was the best "social" they had had for years, which was no more than they deserved.

A Christmas tree on board a train is surely a novelty, but this was one of the events staged by the "Y" Secretary for the boys during the long journey westward. In addition to two services and a sing-song on Christmas Day, Mr. McDonald reports: "We had a beautiful Christmas tree, and, with the turkey, the boys had a swell time."

Singing was a favorite pastime throughout, as may be judged by the fact that on board Mr. McDonald's train forty "sing-songs" were held. Apparently, most of the singers came from Medicine Hat, because it was here, the Secretary laments, "I lost the best of my choir."

A greatly appreciated service rendered by the "Y" was the sending of telegrams advising friends and relatives that the boys were coming. Two hundred and twenty of these messages were despatched. Mr. McDonald's report makes special mention of the very kind and courteous treatment he received from Lieut. Edgar, O.C. of the train, and Mr. Gilbert, the head steward, whose cheerful assistance in caring for the boys ensured the success of the trip.

EN ROUTE FOR VANCOUVER.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The annual Bible Study Competition for the Mills Trophy will be held during the week April 21 to 26, 1919. This competition is open to members of the Association under twenty. Every member of Bible Study groups should enter this, not only from the standpoint of helping his Association in the competition, but because it is a splendid way to crystallize the season's study. A handsome certificate is presented to all boys obtaining 75% or over. The examinations are conducted by the Bible Study Sub-committee of the National Boys' Work Committee.

It Is Most Important That You Should Send One Dollar For a Year's Subscription to

CANADIAN MANHOOD

FACTS

Frank Yeigh knows 5,000 facts about Canada. What it cost him to gather and compile this information it is doubtful if even Mr. Yeigh himself knows, but he is willing to dispose of it for 25c. That is not the value of the 5,000 facts; it is only the cost of the book containing them. The information is compiled under more than sixty headings, alphabetically arranged for instant reference. As a pageantry of facts historical, industrial, agricultural, financial, geographical and religious, the booklet is an encyclopedia that should be the pocket companion of every Canadian and immigrant.

THE "Word of God," as contained in the book we call the Bible, so relates to all men, and to every aspect of man's life, that none can neglect it without serious loss. Through it we have spiritual life and growth. It is the source of comfort and strength. It is a chart by which we may guide a safe course across the stormy, dangerous, and to us, hitherto unknown sea of life. It directs our activities and defines and regulates our relationships—human and divine. Unless, however, one knows and obeys it, it is useless to him, but there is no way to know it except through study, and study takes time and effort. Every man must do this studying himself, and for himself. He must give the Spirit opportunity to make application of the truth to his particular case.

In the following readings we suggest a portion for each day, and make a comment or two. Do not let these comments—they are only suggestions—take the place of your own thinking. The careful, meditative reading need not consume more than five minutes. Of course, more time and more thorough study are desirable, and will produce better results. Plan to spend at least ten minutes each morning, but during these minutes everything else should be shut out and the mind concentrated on the portion read, with a view to discovering something that will help you that day in the circumstances and conditions in which that day will be lived. Pray as you study for guidance into the truth, for wisdom in applying it, and for the will and power to obey it.

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly." (Col. 3: 16.)

1. Luke 2: 41-52.

V. 49: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Is God's (our Father's) business, as we are related to it, our chief concern?

2. Matt. 5: 1-16.

V. 13: "If the salt have lost its savour (or saltness), wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing."

"Ye are the salt of the earth."

Do you *possess* the characteristic qualities of a real Christian, the qualities set forth in the life and teachings of Christ, or do you only *profess* them?

3. Matt. 5: 38-48.

V. 46-48: "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? What do ye more than others?"

You *profess* more; what *do* ye more? You have greater privileges and opportunities. What use have you made of them?

"What do ye more than others, who are less favored?"

"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." (Luke 12: 48.)

4. Matt. 7: 1-5.

V. 3: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Why? Is it to divert attention from your own faults?

First overcome your own faults, and then help your brother overcome his.

5. Matt. 7: 15-28.

V. 16: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control." (Gal. 5: 19-23.)

"By their fruits shall ye know them."

The *fruit*, not the environment or the man-affixed label, is the real test.

What fruit am I bearing?

6. Mark 5: 1-20.

V. 9: "What is thy name?"

In old days the name indicated vocation or some achievement or characteristic, *e.g.*, Jesus means Saviour. "What is *thy* name?" Is it honesty, sincerity, truthfulness, purity, helpfulness, unselfishness, patience, faith, or the opposite of these?

Are you travelling under your own name, or under an *alias?*

7. Luke 22: 39-46.

V. 46: "Why sleep ye?"

In the midst of a world crisis; amid great world-wide social movements; when the enemy is at the gate of your soul; when the Kingdom of righteousness is being attacked—"Why sleep ye?"

"While men slept his enemy came."

"*Why* sleep *ye?*" "Awake, thou that sleepest."

8. Matt. 20: 1-16.

V. 6: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

In view of the Master's commission to "go"; in view of the purpose He had in calling us: "I chose you and appointed you that ye should *go* and bear fruit." (John, 15: 16.) In view of the need of the world, of our own country, of our community, of the church, of individuals close by who need a kind word or a helping hand; in view of our own reward (Matt. 16: 27)—"Why stand ye idle?"

9. Luke 6: 39-42.

V. 39: "Can the blind lead the blind?"

Are you a leader in state or church or Sunday school, or Y.M.C.A., or are you "bringing up a family"? Do you see clearly the way along which you are leading and know the end? Are you taking trouble to inform yourself? Or are you drifting, hoping everything will come out right?

"Study to shew yourself approved unto God." (II. Tim., 2: 15.)

10. John 18: 1-14.

V. 11: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Let us not shrink from the bitterness in the cup of life, nor complain.

" . . . perfect through sufferings." (Heb. 2: 10.)

11. John 21: 14-25.

V. 22: "What is that to thee?"

Let us not be so much concerned about God's plans for others near or remote, but rather that we shall understand and do His will concerning ourselves.

12. Matt. 22: 23-33.

V. 31: "Have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God?"

You have read your business correspondence, your letters from overseas, your newspaper, the magazine, the novel, new or old, books on history, philosophy, psychology, or others. Is what *God* says *to you* of less interest or less importance?

"Have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by *God?*"

13. Mark 12: 18-27.

V. 24: "Do ye not therefore err because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?"

This question may well be asked in regard to all relationships and to all activities—personal, social, commercial, political, ecclesiastical, national and international.

14. Luke 10: 25-37.

V. 26: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

If you came to God, asking Him regarding something that deeply concerned you—it might relate to your faith or to some question of right and wrong, or otherwise—and if He turned to you with this question: "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" What would you say?

15. Mark 9: 33-37.

V. 33: "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?"

You Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, you ministers, you church people, you politicians, you boys on the ball team—"What was it that ye disputed among yourselves?" The answer to the original question is: "Who should be the greatest?" (V. 34.) Note Jesus' comment: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." (V. 35.) Be am-

bitious to qualify for a place of true greatness according to Jesus' standard.

16. Matt. 20: 20-34.

V. 21-32. "What wilt thou?"

"What will ye that I shall do unto you?"

What do you want of God? In one case it was position (v. 21); in the other it was sight (v. 33). "What wilt thou?" What is the one thing above all others you desire? What does this desire reveal?

17. Matt. 9: 18-30.

V. 28: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?"

"According to your faith be it unto you." (V. 29.)

Mark 2: 5: "When Jesus *saw* their faith."

Have I faith? Is it the kind that can be *seen?*

"Have faith in God." (Mark 11: 22.)

18. Luke 8: 43-48.

V. 45: "Who touched me?" "Somebody hath touched me." (V. 46.)

The crowd was jostling Jesus; many were touching him, but the touch of faith and expectancy He felt.

Are my prayers the kind that would cause Jesus to hush the heavenly choir and listen and say: "Who is praying? Somebody is praying," or are they meaningless jargon, without purpose and without effect?

19. John 18: 28-40.

V. 34: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of Me?"

When we talk about Jesus do we speak from hearsay or out of personal experience?

20. Matt. 22: 41-46.

V. 42: "What think ye of Christ?"

Who is He? What has He done? What is my relation to Him?

21. John 14: 1-14.

V. 9: "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"

There seems to be a touch of sorrow as well as of surprise in this question. How about myself? Do I *know* Him, or only know *about* Him? Paul wrote: "I *know* whom I have believed." (II. Tim: 1-12.) Have I a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ?

22. Luke 6: 46-49.

V. 46: "And why *call* ye me, Lord, Lord, and *do not* the things which I say?"

"Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that *doeth the will* of my father which is in Heaven." (Matt. 7: 21.)

Acknowledge Jesus' sovereignty, and then trust and obey Him.

23. Matt. 6: 24-34.

V. 30: "Shall He not much more clothe you?"

If we fulfill God's purpose for us, God promises to fulfill His paternal obligations. Don't worry.

24. Matt. 7: 7-12.

V. 11: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

How much more?

25. Matt. 8: 23-37.

V. 26: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

The real strength of our character is revealed in crises. The man who experiences only calm and prosperity and peace does not know the quality of his faith and hope and courage and wisdom and love, or whether, indeed, he possesses them. The storm, the fire, the battle, test and prove.

26. Matt. 14: 22-33.

V. 31: "Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Peter saw the waves and felt the stormy wind, and considered these and took his eyes off the Master.

In difficulty, danger, sorrow or suffering, it makes all the difference whether our eyes are on them *only* or whether we see Jesus and put our trust in Him.

27. Mark 8: 14-21

V. 18-21: "Do ye not remember?" "How is it that ye do not understand?"

If we would remember God's goodness and guidance in the past it would greatly encourage and help us in the present.

"The Lord that delivered me . . . will deliver me." (David, I Sam. 17: 37.)

28. Genesis 3: 1-19.

V. 9: "Where art thou?"

Are we hiding from God—afraid or ashamed to meet Him? Sin is the only thing that can come between a soul and God—"Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." (Is. 59: 2.)

Yet God seeks his loving children.

29. Genesis 4: 1-15.

V. 9: "And the Lord said . . where is thy brother?"

There is no concealing ourselves from God and no evading either guilt or responsibility in His presence.

"Where is *thy* brother?"

30. Luke 10: 25-37.

V. 36: "Which . . . was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?"

Opportunities impose obligations.

"Go, and do thou likewise." (V. 37.)

31. John 6: 66-71.

V. 66-67: "From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?"

Because there are some things about Jesus or His teachings you do not understand will you give Him up?

There are things about our normal physical life we do not understand, yet which we accept and act upon.

"Will ye also go away" . . . "to whom shall we go?"

"ON DUTY."

During the days of the Amiens fighting Fritz tried to get even by the heaviest night bombing in the experience of the Corps. Casualties were sometimes heavy; always there was danger, for every night was a fit night for raids. Domart, a small ruined village on the Amiens-Roye road, was one of the greatest sufferers, not only because it was on the main road at a cross-roads, but also because there was an immense dump.

Every night there was the throb of German planes somewhere about, and the crash of bombs and the roar of anti-aircraft guns. Walking towards headquarters one night along that road, in company with a "Y" officer, the sky was lit with a score of searchlight beams and the air seemed full of enemy planes. Bombs were dropping not far away, and a group of cavalry horses had just bolted up the road.

At the cross-roads, with the bombs coming nearer, the drivers left their lorries and crowded into the adjacent trenches, which were already full of soldiers. A few continued to stand on the corner scanning the skies and watching the play of lights. The "Y" officer advised them to take cover. All but one vanished into the darkness. A great lanky fellow remained, calmly walking up and down in the square where the roads crossed.

"There's no sense in taking chances," warned the officer.

The big fellow came to salute. "I'm on duty, sir," he said.

"THE STUFF TO GIE 'EM" IN BELGIUM.

The rate at which Canadian soldiers in Belgium are exhausting the sights of that country seems to promise that few nooks and corners will escape their scrutiny. Boys from the Blue-nose apple orchards and the prairie grain fields, 3,500 of them a week, are systematically playing hide-and-seek with the old historic spots and cramming their minds with first-hand knowledge of places that all the world will talk about for centuries—Namur, Liege, Brussels, Waterloo.

Capt. Frank B. Wilson, Senior Officer of the "Y" Divisional Staff at Brussels, reports that ten or twelve sight-seeing parties go out in that city morning and afternoon, and also make special trips to the Waterloo battle-fields. Blocks of seats are secured daily in good theatres and re-sold at reduced prices to the men. Other parties are formed for visiting the roller skating rink, swimming baths, etc.

Besides booking 260 beds daily, additional bed accommodation is recommended to men applying for it. Of course, information is freely given as to trains, cinemas, theatres, sight-seeing tours, etc. Arrangements are being made, says Capt. Wilson, to introduce Canadian boys into the best homes of Brussels, and, of course, dances are regularly held.

The pamphlet, "The Stuff to Gie 'Em," so successful in informing Canadian soldiers of the touring possibilities of the Old Country, has been copied in Brussels, so that seeing Brussels and its environs through the Red Triangle, inspecting the monument to Nurse Cavell, visiting Waterloo and similar places, are made interesting and intelligible, especially as trained guides accompany the parties.

COUCHICHING SUMMER TRAINING SCHOOL.

Plans are well under way for an unusually strong programme for the Summer School at Y.M.C.A. Park, Lake Couchiching, this season. The dates now arranged for are to assemble on Thursday, July 31st, with Commencement Exercises Friday evening, August 15th, and to disperse on Saturday, August 16th. There will be courses in all departments, viz., Secretarial, Physical, Boys' Work, and also courses for leaders in Boys' Work, Town and Country and Railroad.

Among the outstanding men already secured are Prof. J. M. Artman, Y.M.C.A. College, Chicago, who will probably take Bible Study and Psychology or Religious Education; B. B. Farnsworth, Y.M.C.A., New York, on Principles and Methods of Y.M.C.A., and probably another course for advanced students; Rev. Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, Toronto, and Prof. W. R. Taylor, Toronto University, Bible Study Courses.

In the Physical Department there will be, in addition, Dr. O. C. J. Withrow, Toronto, Anatomy and Physiology; D. M. Lowery, Physical Director, Hartford, Conn., Gymnastic Dancing; John Bradford, Montreal, Community Problems; J. H. Crocker, Winnipeg, Association History; M. F. Furey, Montreal, on Calisthenics, Games, Organization and Administration; Nathan Keefe, Guelph, Apparatus Work; Dr. John Brown, Toronto, Physiology Exercises; T. W. Stafford, Toronto, Athletic Administration and Mass Activities; G. O. McGuire, Toronto, Physiology of Physical Education.

The students of the Town and Country Department will have instructors on special subjects bearing on their type of work, but will also join with other Institutes in several subjects.

In the Boys' Work Institute there will be schools for Boys' Work Secretaries, and also for Volunteer Workers, with three year graded courses. Negotiations are under way for several noted lecturers, in addition to Mr. Taylor Statten and other staff men.

Further particulars will be given in the next issue of CANADIAN MANHOOD.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

(This unsigned letter addressed to the Editor of "Canadian Manhood" is clearly intended for a wider clientele.—Ed.)

Dear Mr. Editor:

Might I have just enough space in your illustrious paper to tell a little experience I have had, and incidentally to pass on something of importance I have learned, something which may point a suggestive finger for some of our Canadian Associations.

Did you ever find yourself ill in a strange city, without a single person you knew?

That has been my experience within the last thirty days.

I was never in the great city of New York before. I knew no one. The only friends I had came over with me from Canada, and left for overseas at ten o'clock Monday morning. I was to have gone with them, but, instead, at ten-forty-five the same morning I was on my way to the hospital in the ambulance. "Flu," of course!

My first worry was to wire my family. The nurses are forbidden to do this for patients, but finally I succeeded in getting one young lady of a kind heart to write a message for me and take it to the office. My money was all in Canadian bills; they couldn't accept it at the hospital office. I knew the hotel where I had been staying would send the telegram and prepay charges for me. "Would the hospital office please phone the message to the hotel?" "Sorry, that was strictly against orders."

The nurse was very kind, and somehow succeeded in having it sent. Another kind nurse—also against orders—secured for me paper and envelopes, for which she paid *pro tem.* I got a shave, for which the orderly paid. Finally, the Social Service Department of the hospital asked if they could do anything for me. I suggested that they notify the "Y" that a Canadian secretary was in hospital and would appreciate a visitor. For two days after that no one came, in fact, never did come from that branch. Later a message to the International office brought a very kind friend, who couldn't do enough for me; changed my money, bought me fruit, got my goods transferred from the hotel, did many nice things—in short, made life look different to a sick man.

Why do I write this? Not because I wish to whine about my troubles, but because I would like to pass on what I have learned by actual experience, *i.e.*, the importance of hospital visitation. Because I would like to show how much it means to have someone take a little interest in you when **sick in hospital.**

Are we including enough of this work in our regular Association programme?

Personally, I must plead guilty. I have not given it enough thought. In future I shall see that it has a big place in the work of any Association I may be connected with.

I trust this may sink into the heart of some Association secretary or member who will brush up on hospital visitation work and do the little things that count for some fellow who is sick and away from home and friends.

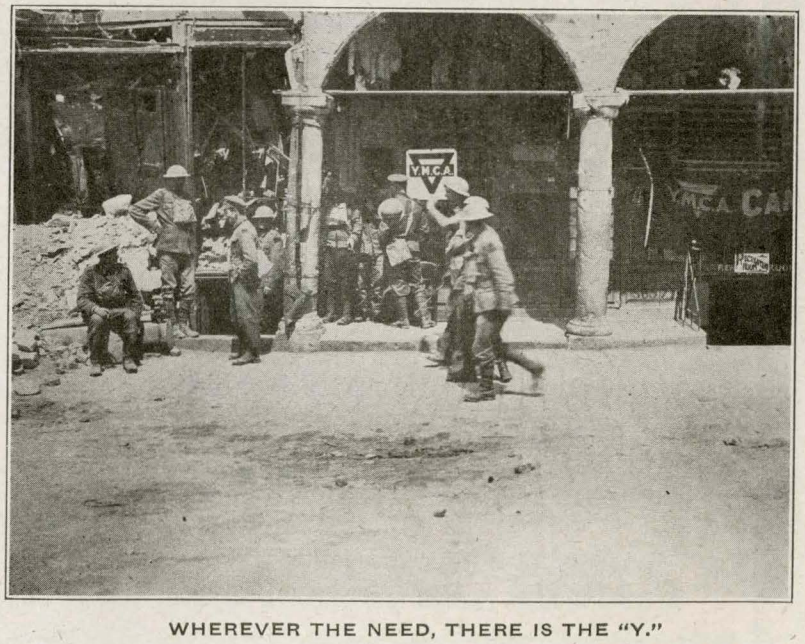
HERE'S TO THE RED TRIANGLE.

Here's to the Red Triangle!
A friend in time of need;
A helper that's always a helper,
And favors no church or creed;
Whether it be in the trenches
Or in desolate shell-torn town,
At the sign of the Red Triangle
You may cast your troubles down.

It's always on hand when needed,
No matter where you may be;
In that death-haunted land by the trenches,
It shines like a beacon at sea;
No matter how heavy the shelling,
Its workers all wear a smile,
And their tea and "Good Luck" by the roadside
Have shortened many a mile.

So, here's to the Red Triangle,
Long may its banners wave,
May good fortune always attend it,
For those it has helped to save;
In peace or war, wherever it be,
May it always come safely through.
God bless the Red Triangle
In the work it aims to do!

—Pte. R. J. Rutter, France.



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CANADIAN MANHOOD

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR FOR TEN ISSUES

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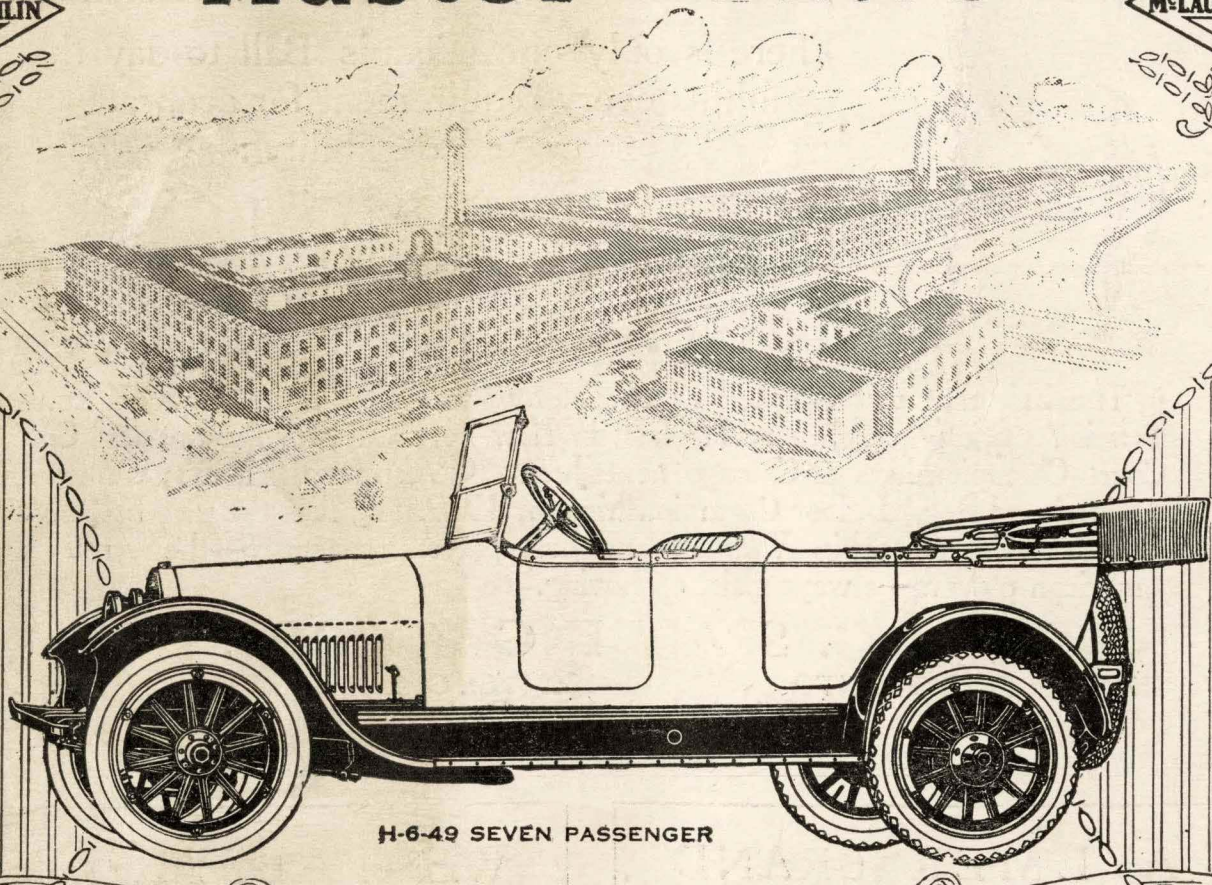

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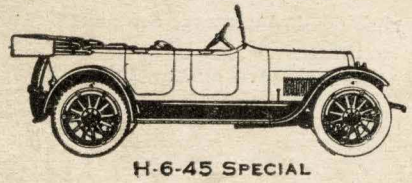

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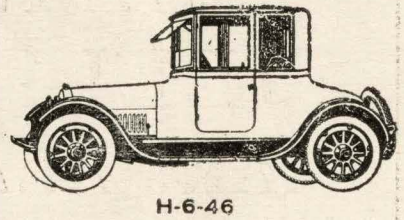

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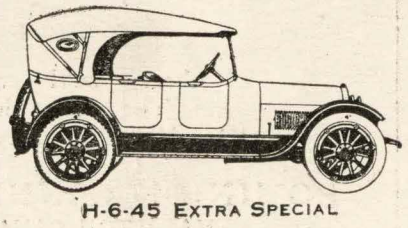

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